The Hospital Mission

A. L. Dahl

Institute of Lutheran Theology

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JESUS HEALING THE SICK

The Hospital Mission

Incidents and Experiences

by

A. L. DAHL

Norwegian Lutheran Pastor

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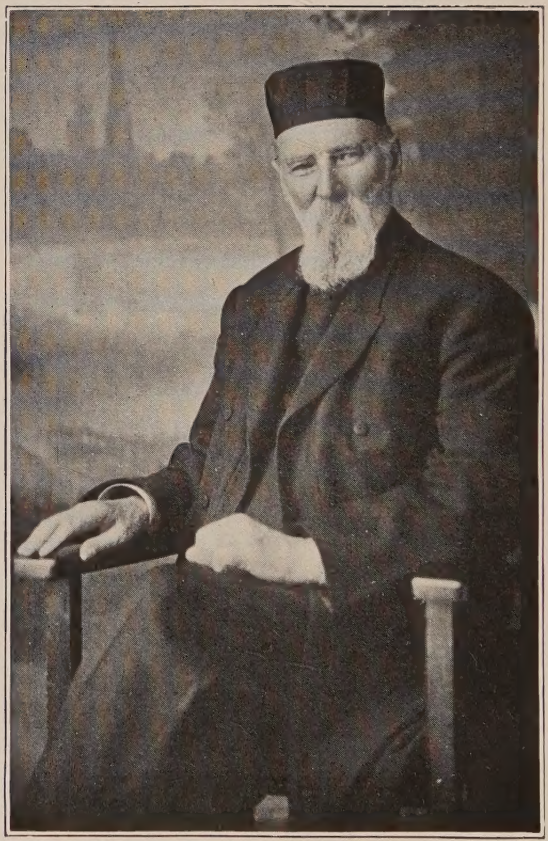


REV. JOHANNES SETHER

Born 1846. Hospital Missionary in the Twin Cities from 1906 until his death, Nov. 4, 1914

DEDICATED TO FRIENDS
OF THE
HOSPITAL MISSION

FOREWORD

BY THE TRANSLATOR

THIS unpretentious book was written by the author, Rev. A. L. Dahl, in the Norwegian language. It was very well received, and in a short time a second edition was necessary. Now it seems worth while to issue the book in an English translation, that such as do not read Norwegian may learn about the work and become interested in this important mission.

Rev. A. L. Dahl seems to be especially well equipped for this work, which he has undertaken in his declining years. He is at the present time 74 years old, but is still tirelessly active. He entered the ministry somewhat late in life, and was for nearly thirty years pastor of Norwegian churches in Waushara county, Wis., where he labored with great zeal and was signally blest. Then after one year in Bucyrus, N. Dak., he took up his present work of visiting the patients in Twin City hospitals, bringing them spiritual comfort and good cheer. His work has not been spectacular, but has been a blessing to many. What he has done is laid up where neither moth nor rust corrupts, and where thieves do not break through and steal. It will outlast all the treasures in the world.

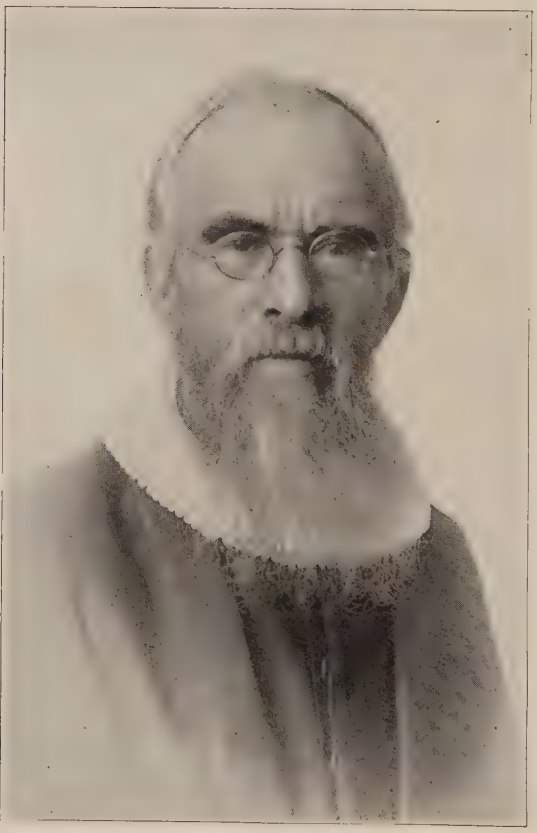
April, 1918.

—P. S.

THE kind words of the translator cannot easily be improved upon as an introduction of this booklet to the public. But it seems proper to call attention to the great change that has taken place in our churches since the Norwegian edition of the book appeared. The blessed union of the Hauge Synod, the Norwegian Synod and the United Church has made the field for such a book so much larger. In this respect I wish to say that the indications are encouraging. Since our general conference in Fargo last summer a minister who formerly belonged to the Norwegian Synod has ordered and sold 61 copies of the Norwegian edition. Ministers from the former Hauge Synod have also bought and distributed many copies. Whatever is cleared by the sale of the book goes to the support of the hospital mission.

May God bless the English edition as He has blest the Norwegian edition, to love for this mission, to the repentance and comfort and salvation of many souls, among sick and well readers alike; and may it all be done for Jesus' sake.

A. L. DAHL.



REV. A. L. DAHL

Born Nov. 16, 1844. Has served as Rev. Sether's successor since Feb. 1, 1915

Some Kind Words by Prof. Dr. Stub

MY dear friend, Rev. A. L. Dahl, who was one of my dear students in Luther Seminary in Madison, Wis., and who then for many years was a zealous preacher of the Gospel, is now employing the evening of his life as the missionary of The United Church in the hospitals of Minneapolis. Recently he published a little book giving an account of this work. He sent me the book, and I have read it with deep interest and thanked God for the blessed work being done by my old friend. Andreas Dahl must, it seems to me, be a missionary after God's own heart. He lives for his work. And when he, in his sympathetic and loving way, comes to the bed of illness with the Gospel of Christ and offers a prayer the sick will bless him. He has brought near to their hearts the very best thing which one person can bring to another. I am glad to learn that the first edition of his book has been exhausted. And it is with pleasure that I give the second edition my best recommendation. It brings the love of Christ home not only to the sick, but to the well also. God bless my dear old friend and his work.

H. G. STUB.

St. Paul, Minn., June 5, 1917.

REV. J. A. BERGH

Born January 12, 1817; Ordained 1871; Hospital Missionary since May 1, 1916

"The Hospital Mission in the Twin Cities"

REV. A. L. DAHL has written a book with this title. The book is in two parts, the first dealing with the hospital mission in Minneapolis and St. Paul, and the second giving information about the hospitals in these two cities.

It was Rev. J. Sether who first began this mission. After his death the work was taken up by Rev. A. L. Dahl, and now it is being done also by Rev. J. A. Bergh. Portraits of these men are found in this volume. Those who support this work and love it will want to know how our missionaries look, and they can gratify this desire by securing Rev. Mr. Dahl's book. This also has pictures of some of the hospitals in the Twin Cities.

The first part of the book deals with the work itself. Besides valuable information for such as may need treatment in a hospital, the book relates a number of incidents and experiences, some of them sad and others full of good cheer. They are taken from life and are very interesting. They also show how necessary and how blest this work is. How many, alas, are the poor, suffering, homeless and unhappy men and women in these hospitals. And what a blessed thing it is, that somebody comes to them with that help which only the church can bring.

It is a warm Christian heart, full of sympathy and love and the desire to help those who suffer, which speaks out of every page of this book; and it will beyond a doubt warm the hearts of the readers.

J. N. KILDAHL.

"You Had Better Publish these Articles in Book Form"

AFTER the Rev. A. L. Dahl had served as hospital pastor for some time and I had read a number of his articles in the papers, where he related touching and faith-strengthening accounts of what he had experienced in his visits at the bedside of the sick and dying, I suggested to him that he should publish the best of these experiences in a booklet. After considering it for a while he went about to carry out this suggestion. There has been a large demand for the book. Two editions of the Norwegian book have been sold. And now, as he sends out his first English edition of the book, I bespeak for it the same generous reception. The Lord bless the messages of this book to the many friends of the hospital mission. C. K. SOLBERG.

Minneapolis, Minn., Nov. 21, 1918.

Author's Foreword

MANY times in the course of my work, going from hospital to hospital, from sick-bed to sick-bed, day after day, month after month, the thought has come to me: It should be worth while to write of these things; others should hear of it; here is something to learn for all who wish to learn. And I have on occasion written a little in the public press about this work. But it had not occurred to me to write and publish a whole book on the subject. The idea of doing this came from others.

And when I thought of the many necessary, instructive, useful and cheering experiences which might be recorded, and which might in many ways help the readers and be good for body and soul, for time and eternity, I decided in the Master's name to write this little book.

It is written during the time while I have been working in the hospital mission. And should there be any profit on the sale of the book the money will be given to this mission, which sadly needs it.

May the Lord bless the book and the reading of it to all who will take it to heart; and may it result in making this necessary and biblical work of visiting the sick with help for body and soul better known and better loved and more general among us. God grant this for Jesus' sake.

The Hospital Mission

I

"I Was Sick, and Ye Visited Me"

THIS is one of the many things, says Jesus, which are written in the Book in which all is written that we have done in this world, whether of good or evil. It is the will of God that we visit the sick. And the sick, like the poor, we have always with us. Like sin itself they are found everywhere. We find them one here and one there, but in the hospitals we find them in great numbers. And should you wish to know something about the many kinds of sickness and their causes you have but to go from bed to bed, from room to room, and to sit down and talk with the patients. You will find that there is much to learn and much to do for body and soul, for time and eternity.

This work of visiting the sick in the homes and in the hospitals is, of course, not something new. Thank God, there are few if any who have been sick and have never been visited by some sympathizing friend. Even Lazarus had those who came to him in his suffering, and who therefore have received mention in the Good Book: "The dogs came and licked his sores." But where there are so many hospitals as in Minneapolis and St. Paul, with so many thousands of patients from far and near, more workers are needed, and workers who do this work and nothing else. The pastors of the cities look in

upon members of their church who may be in a hospital; but generally these pastors have their time too fully occupied to give much of it to this work. And then think of the thousands who come here from a distance, from other states, having no friends or acquaintances, and who have not their pastor—if they had one before coming here—to come and speak to them words of cheer and peace. We do not forget that there are several divinity students and pious women who visit the sick. But there should be more workers who make this their sole business. Here is a promising soil and enough of it; for troubles and trials have prepared many of these souls to receive the incorruptible seed, the Word of God. And this is true, thank God, not only of our people, but of the people of all nations.

It is hard to see any bed of sickness and pass by. Here we have found one of our own people and have spoken with him. In the neighboring beds are others who have been looking at us. If they did not know our language they still understood that we were talking about something good. They may have read something in the moist eye or the busy handkerchief. Or perhaps they are lying in a private room. Often they look appealingly to those who walk by, as if they would say: "Will you not stop and speak a word to me also?" Sometimes they do say this; and we must stop. And we have been rewarded with many a "God bless you." Here is one of many incidents which might be mentioned:

Recently I had a very happy afternoon at one of the hospitals. I had sought out and talked with the Norwegian patients in one of the larger wards. Then there was an American who asked me if I

would not speak a word of comfort to the others also. Certainly I would. I asked these sick people about their names, their homes, their illness, etc. Then I tried to speak the word of God to all who would listen; but I had to translate from the Norwegian into English as I had no English Bible with me. I took for my text I Peter 5:7: "Cast all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." When I had briefly explained this blessed promise and offered a short prayer, a dark man, a Greek, left his bed and came over to me and thanked me cordially for the comforting words I had spoken. They were in sore need of such comfort in their affliction. He was a Catholic; but during his stay at the hospital no priest of his own church had visited him. And I was to have the honor of having been the first to speak words of peace to them in this place. But I asked them to give God the glory, and His blessing would remain with us. "Yes, but I want to thank you also for visiting us," said this man. And we all were happy together. However, do not imagine that we always have such days of rejoicing in the hospitals. Here also there are stubborn and impenitent souls. I will spare you the recital of many such cases; but there is one of which I must tell you something.

He was a man somewhat along in years; and when he found that I was a clergyman he began an attack on the clergy, and he spoke many bitter and blasphemous words. He called all of us grafters. They were after money, that was all; see, for instance, the minister in a certain church in this city; but he could get on without any help from them. After listening for a time to his bitter remarks about the servants and messengers of Christ, I said to

him: "You are not telling the truth when you pass such judgment on all ministers. Some of them have spent their best years and not a little money to educate themselves for the ministry, and then accept a salary of $350 a year; they never so much as mention that this is not enough. Others are promised no salary at all, but take up the work with faith in God. Do you mean to tell me that these are grafters?"

He preferred not to answer. "But tell me," I went on, "how did you come to take this position? I know many of your nationality, real pious and good people." "I have," said he, "taught myself these things." "Yes, so I understand. If the Holy Spirit had been allowed to teach you you would not have spoken in that way." His wife sat and listened to our talk and shed many tears. She thanked me for what I had said. In the evening of the same day I received a telephone message from another hospital in which a young girl, recently arrived from Norway, was lying in despair of God's mercy. "It is, I suppose, too late for me to be saved," she said with trembling lips. But, praise God, it was easy to answer that despairing cry; and we could feel that she received grace to believe the answer. Mildly He meets the trembling sinners, and there are never too many of them. What a contrast between these two cases!

In the city hospital for consumptives two young boys were lying side by side. One was a Swede and the other a Norwegian. The Swedish boy was far gone in consumption, and he was also far on the way toward the salvation of his soul. We talked much of the difference between this life and the life to come. We were entirely of one mind, and our

faith was strengthened. The Norwegian boy listened intently, but said nothing either for or against. The last time I visited them the Swedish boy asked me to pray for him; and when I left him he said again: "Now, do not forget to pray for me." When I came the next time he had passed away. The Norwegian had been moved out onto the sun porch. They had been able to see each other through the window. "Where is your Swedish friend?" I asked. "He is dead. But just before he died he sat up in bed, and we looked at each other. I saw him move his lips, and then he pointed up to heaven as if to say: 'Good-bye, my friend; now I go home, and you must soon follow me.'" What a sermon that was to the surviving comrade. What can not the sick do for one another if they are but inspired by the Spirit of God. That Swedish brother will surely not in vain have beckoned his Norse brother upward to the heavenly home. Soon they will meet in glory, where there is neither tuberculosis nor any other sickness.

"Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean."
"I will. Be thou clean." Matthew 8:2, 3.

II

Hospital or Lazaret

WE know, of course, that a hospital is an institution to which we can bring our sick people, or to which we ourselves may go for medical or surgical treatment. Such an institution may have been established by private charity, by the church, by city, county or state. A hospital is a pretty expensive affair. The building itself, the furnish-

ings, the apparatus, the instruments, the upkeep—everything costs money. Only think of all the instruments and inventions which we now have for the relief of sickness and suffering.

And think of the upkeep; the many servants that are necessary; light, heat and food for all these. It is no wonder that the charges must be high. But then to compensate for it the sick receive a care which is not possible in a private home; for this must lack the equipment now found in every good hospital.

Our experience in this matter is, then, that a hospital is a blessed institution; it is a good place to go when one needs it; and one should not be afraid of it, though of course it were better to escape the necessity.

The Expenses

Yes, these are heavy; and that is not to be wondered at, all things considered. Those who are able to do so must pay. But the poor must be assisted by good friends, by the church, the county, the city or the state. And, thank God, all who need it receive the necessary assistance without distinction of language or color. We thank God for these merciful institutions. Many a poor waif, many a prodigal son or daughter here finds a home when all other doors are closed. Many a poor and friendless person comes here and finds a warm room, a clean bed, nourishing food, medical help. And then these blessed trained nurses to care night and day for the sick until they either are strong enough to care for themselves, or go to their own homes. And we have seen many tears of sympathy roll

down the cheeks of these good women when they have been standing helpless by the bedside of their patients. God reward and bless you all, you dear nurses! "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Matthew 25:40.

So my experience is, then, that a good hospital is a blessing, which we should support and speak well of, and for which we should thank God.

III

Could People Not Escape the Necessity of Going to a Hospital?

TO this question we can in many cases safely answer yes. How many times have we not wished that we could shout a warning in this matter when we have heard their story: what has caused their illness—and we wish that they might take the warning to heart. We can not go into the matter in all its details, but there are two phases of it which we must mention:

Firstly, with regard to tuberculosis or consumption: What is in most cases the cause of this deadly disease? Generally it dates back to a severe cold, to which they paid no attention, thinking: "It is only a cold, and that I have had many a time and gotten rid of it, as I will now." Many have paid with their lives for neglecting the precautions against catching a cold. If you catch one in spite of precautions, then do try to cure it at once. Go without delay to some capable doctor, before the

disease fastens on your lungs: take his advice, and his medicine may save your life.

Dear friend, listen to our counsel and do accordingly. Do not neglect a cold!

I mention but one experience of the many which I might mention, and which shows that tuberculosis is not always transmitted from one already infected. A young man, a recent arrival from Norway, found work here in a place where he had to sleep in a board shanty with a leaky roof. He was wet through one night during a heavy rain. He was careless and caught a cold. In a few weeks he lay in a hospital suffering with quick consumption. He knew of none in his family who had died of this disease. What caused it in his case? No doubt it was the cold which he had neglected.

Secondly, we would warn against neglect of a little sore. Many have been obliged to seek refuge in a hospital by reason of such neglect. Often the little sore is all the more dangerous. It need not even be so deep as to bleed. And yet it may cost you a finger or a foot, nay even life itself. With regard to this, our observations in the hospitals have given us much experience. Now, what should one do in a case of this kind?

I am not a doctor, but I do know this much: that there are many remedies which, made use of in time, will safeguard one against this danger. You should have such a remedy at hand, in your bookcase or some other place where you can at any moment put your hand on it, and use it at once and then go about your business with no more worry. (A very good remedy is Hydrogren-Peroxide.)

IV

Surgical Operations

THE larger number of patients come to the hospitals to undergo some surgical operation. I have seen many of these, major and minor operations, dangerous or otherwise. They have lasted from a few minutes to as long a time as three and a half hours. As to the outcome of these operations, I can not well express an opinion. But my experience teaches me that in many cases it had been better to have left the operation undone; the patient would then have had a longer lease of life. On the other hand, in many cases, nothing but an operation could offer any chance of success. Many have been cured by this means. But I have often wished to say to elderly people: If you are able to bear your sufferings for the short time left you it would be better to do that than to submit to a doubtful operation. You have less power of resistance than the young, and the danger of an operation is the greater. You might live longer without it.

Still, who shall decide this question when there is great suffering? The counsel of friends and physicians is good, but is sometimes mistaken. More reliable counsel is needed by the man who believes that after death comes the judgment, that men are either lost or saved. And I know of none other who can answer this and other vital questions for us with the authority of our Lord Jesus. He is called the "Counsellor," Isaiah 9:6. Many have sought His advice in fervent prayer, and this has brought courage and conviction and decided them for one or the other line of action. And the result

has proved it a wise procedure. This is our experience also. Dear friend, when you are in doubt try this, and you shall find that prayer is good. Pray fervently and without ceasing till the assurance comes: Lord, what shall I do? Lord, answer me, I am in trouble.

V

Whence Come All These Sick People?

This also is a question which puzzles many. It might seem that these large cities must be terribly unhealthy since so many hospitals are needed. Certainly, there are many cases of sickness among so many people. And especially as regards consumption it may be assumed that Minneapolis, like all other large cities, has its full quota of sufferers. And then, there are in these large cities many accidents to life and limb. Yet a majority of our hospital patients come to us from other places and other states, from the Pacific coast and from Canada. Many come right through cities having good hospitals and seek health here, where they are acquainted with some doctor, or where they have friends. So they come to us even though this necessitates their travelling some hundred miles farther. To me this explains the very large number of patients in our Twin City hospitals.

VI

Companions in Misery in the Tuberculosis Hospitals

IT had seemed to me that it could not be good for consumptive patients to see their companions in misery, and to hear and witness their sufferings. One would think that this would make the patient's condition all the worse. So I asked them concerning this matter and found that my idea had been the very opposite of the truth. "No," they said, "we are as one family; we sympathize with one another. We are not afraid of one another, as we often were at home. There even our parents, brothers and sisters and friends looked askance at us and were afraid of contagion, but here there is no such fear." I thanked God for this. It is a merciful dispensation.

VII

Cure of Consumption

NOW, what has been our experience in regard to the chance of a cure for consumptives? Well, we must say that when patients come to one of these hospitals just as soon as the first symptoms of the disease appear, there is reasonable ground for hope. I know many patients who have gone home entirely cured. But if the disease has been fastened on them for some time and has had time to strike root it is merely a question of time how long they may last. There is no cure.

I have also had the experience that many of these patients become very happy at the last. I wish that it were true of all. They are given so much time to consider the things that belong to their peace. But there are some whom time can not teach, and whom the means of grace can not reach. They die as they have lived. Shortly before her death, a young and dear Swedish girl said to me: "How good God is to us in that he gives us such a slow illness, so that we may prepare ourselves well for the last journey." That was rejoicing in the midst of tribulation. For whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth. Heb. 12:6.

Glory be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

VIII

A Glad Day at Thomas Hospital

A CERTAIN Irishman, about 45 years old, had been a patient in this hospital for nearly three years. Priests and nurses had talked with him many times about what he must do to be saved. He was always willing to talk on this subject; but he was self-righteous, as all men are by nature; they have done only what is right. At any rate they have not sinned much, and they have done nothing which could deserve that eternal punishment of which the Bible warns us. "Can this be a loving God who lets me suffer so much through so many years?" And some use much stronger language, which would not look well in print. But about this one man there was something which gave me hope and faith

to think that he might be won for the Lord. He never lost his temper when I talked with him, but he held fast to his own opinions. So I left him alone for a time, while his disease was growing more heavy upon him.

Then one morning he sent for the head nurse. He felt that death was near, and there must needs be a change in him before he could die. "Will you call a clergyman who can help me, pray for me?" "For whom do you want me to send?" Oh, that was not material, but he would prefer to see the one whom he knew and liked best. And that happened to be myself. I was on the point of going somewhere else when the bell rang and I was asked to visit this man. He was very weak, but also very frank and open. He showed me what was in his heart. This was a good time to be a pastor. He was so glad to receive instruction. And now he told the truth: he had not been happy. He mentioned in particular one thing which he had done, and the thought of which had troubled him day and night. How he now wished that it were undone and unsaid. He had been tossed about and had not known what to do with and for his poor soul. And he was not baptized. "What shall I do? I will do whatever you say and advise." Now he was become a humble disciple, anxious to learn. He strikingly resembled that jailor in Philippi. It was a great joy and a great responsibility to be called on to act as guide in this most important of all concerns, the matter of saving a soul from death. Still, it was easy to guide this man. There are enough of examples in Holy Scripture which I could show him, and tell him what he must do. And it seemed probable that I would have but little time.

He could expect a fresh hemorrhage at any moment, and then he probably would soon die. They often do. He received baptism. And it was a most solemn event. "Now you are happy, and that is as it should be. You have done that which Jesus says that you should do, and God wants you to rejoice." A more happy smile had probably never illumined this face. I had spoken to him of the Lord's Supper also, and explained what Jesus said: "This do in remembrance of me." Yes; the man wished to do, if possible, everything that Jesus has commanded. I said: "You are too tired just now, perhaps. I would better come back after a time and then give you the Lord's Supper." "No, I would better not wait." So I gave him the sacrament, and all of us were happy. Something great had taken place at Thomas Hospital, in this great sick-room: A soul had been born again. Now let death come at any time. By the infinite grace and mercy of God this man was now prepared to meet his Judge. He said: "They who have heard me formerly and who now learn what position I have taken will laugh at me and try to make sport of me. But by the grace of God I shall bear it for Christ's sake."

Romans 1:16: I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to all them that believe.

IX

Sad and also Glorious Funerals

MANY of the funerals at which I have officiated have, in the light of the life now ended, been unspeakably sad and seemed like lonely burials in a barren desert.

The law of the state provides that when a person dies at one of its hospitals or poorhouses, and no friend or relative wants to care for the remains, the body belongs to the state. And as Minnesota has a medical college in connection with the university many bodies are needed in the instruction of the students. Now, there are some who when dying care nothing about what becomes of their bodies; but there are others who wish to be buried with proper Christian ceremonies. And when such die as believers it is the duty of the missionary not only to remain with them and help sustain them through the dark valley, but also to bury them in biblical fashion. This I have in many instances done. The state or the city has been good to us and has in some cases given us a burial lot free of charge. But often it has been terribly depressing, as, for instance, when the only mourners were the undertaker and myself. We had to call some men in from the street to carry the body out of the undertaker's room, and at the grave we must let the grave-diggers help lower the body into the grave. And this happens in a city of several hundred thousand people, and after we have urged some of them to come to the funeral of a Lazarus. But no; they have not the time. No flowers. But what a funeral procession when Dives is dead! On one occasion I counted as many as 80 carriages, and I was told that 2,000 people were in attendance. Death is said to level all ranks, but there is a difference.

It is a good thing that you fathers and mothers do not see these sights; for the adage says: "That which the eye does not see, nor the ear hear, does not wound the heart." But in this sad spectacle there still is a great comfort when we can know

that this friendless person had found in Jesus his best friend, and died happily in the faith. Such a one has a glorious funeral after all, with the promise of eternal life. For this Friend says: "Every one that seeth the Son and believeth in Him shall have everlasting life, and I will raise him up on the last day." John 6:40.

Luke 16:22: And it came to pass that the beggar (Lazarus) died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom; and the rich man also died, and was buried.

X

"What's the Best Word Today?"

THOMAS hospital had for some time as one of its patients an elderly Christian man. He and I became good friends. Whenever he saw me coming to his little ward of six beds he had the habit of saying: "Well, pastor, what is the best word today?" He asked it out loud, and I answered so that all could hear. Thus it was necessary for me always to have some word of God ready on my tongue. And it was always received with the comment: "That is good news, a good message."

On Christmas day I spoke to these men on the greatest of all messages, the Lord's message through the angel concerning the coming of the Savior to the world. Then each of these patients received from us a present of one dollar, and a nice folder with the Christmas gospel and some hymns nicely printed, all enclosed in an envelope on which was written the name of the patient. The one above referred to, who was a Swede, said to Sister Augusta in the hearing of many: "This is the happiest Christmas I ever have had."

So this is one of my experiences, that a man may have his most happy Christmas even in a hospital and with certain death before his eyes. "It is of the Lord and is marvelous in our eyes."

Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

XI

What Has Become of My Son, My Daughter?

THIS is a question often put to us. It happens so often, in Norway and in other lands as well, that sons and daughters, probably the oldest in the family, leave home to seek fame and fortune out in the wide world. How many a poor father and mother have not been sitting at the window looking down the road to see if the children who have gone away might perhaps come home. And how they have waited for the postman, who might bring a letter from the child far away. The Lord only knows how many tears have been shed by such parents, how many times they have sighed and said: "Where is my child?" But often they have received no answer. They went to their graves without it. Not only the child, but even the husband and father has sometimes been guilty of such neglect of duty. He may have left home with the purpose to make his fortune in a strange land and then come back to settle down, or to take his family with him to the new home. But he went astray and has sunk lower and lower in misery and shame. And so he did not even write home. He had no good news to tell. Or he

was taken sick. Then he did not want to write; he wanted first to get well. So he was taken to a hospital; or he may not even have been so fortunate as to find room in one of these. He gave no address; he did not wish anybody to know where he was. And then death came. And the body was buried or sent to the clinic. But the poor people at home never did learn the fate of the loved and lost one.

Friends, here we have in many instances the answer to the question: What has become of my child? Your son or your daughter was found in a hospital. And this is not a mere rumor which I have heard, but the answer given by my own observations and experience. A missionary may often by the grace of God be in a position to correct some of these evils. If he succeeds in winning the confidence of the sick person, such a one will generally tell him also the true story of his life. And then father and mother and the wife will receive news of their missing child or husband. If these be too ill to write, the missionary will do it for them. And it may be a letter breathing true penitence and a prayer for forgiveness; asking the relatives who have been cruelly wronged to forgive even as God has forgiven them. And when such a message comes at last, sorrow in the bereaved home is changed into joy; a joy born of the hope that there is to be a happy reunion in the heavenly home.

Friends, nothing save the Word of God is able to accomplish these great things. To this Word we must give ear.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I am one day nearer home today
Than I've ever been before.

XII

My First Visit to Glen Lake Hospital

THIS hospital is at Glen Lake, 14 miles west of Minneapolis, and it belongs to Hennepin County. It is a hospital for such as have incipient consumption. The hospital has a very beautiful location, removed from noise and nuisance. The view is fine, and if such beauty could cure disease, this hospital would work wonders. But alas, things do not work out in that way.

This hospital had been in operation but a few months, and I had been of a mind to visit it. Then I received a letter from one of the patients, a Swedish girl with whom I had become acquainted at the Thomas hospital, and who later had been at the Walker hospital, 200 miles north of this place, and now was at Glen Lake. Her letter deserves to be given space here:

"Glen Lake Sanitarium,
"July 28, 1916.

"Dear Rev. Dahl:

"Your last letter which I received I have not answered, although I thought of doing so many times before leaving the State Sanitarium. I am sorry to say that I have been confined to my bed for a number of months while up there, so I thought of making a change. I came here to Glen Lake Sanitarium about two months ago, and like it far better than at Walker. I've been in bed all the time, as the temperature is too high to permit me to be up and

around. But I am well satisfied, as I get a chance to see my folks ever so often. It's been three deaths here within six weeks; don't know exactly how they were prepared, as there aren't any visiting clergymen at all that come and see us. The rest of us are well enough to attend to ourselves. We are not helpless yet, but we don't know how long. Wish that you could find time to come out and see us. I know they all would be very pleased. There are quite a few Norwegians and Swedes here. Must close, with all good wishes from friend,

"LOUISE NASTROM."

I went out there at my first opportunity, and found the lady manager, who received me kindly. She let a nurse take me to the patients' building. Here I first visited the women's ward. The hall and all the side-rooms were filled, mostly with young girls who should have been in their bloom. There was rejoicing when they were told who I was. Some of them came near, and others sat up in bed to listen. I asked if all of them understood English. Yes, they did. "Then I will speak briefly to all of you together." And I stood in the center of the hall and preached a short sermon. There seemed to be a good soil for the seed of the Word. Even an attractive young Catholic girl thanked me and said: "I am a Catholic, but your sermon did me much good." One of our Norwegian girls came and asked me: "What part of the Bible would be most comforting to us?" And I instructed them as

well as I knew how. In the afternoon I visited the men's ward. Here were many, mostly young men. I followed the same plan here as among the women, and all seemed to wish that I might soon come again.

The head of the medical staff, whom I know very well, happened to be there at the time. He and the employes and the patients seemed highly to appreciate my coming and vied with one another in showing me every honor and courtesy. But I think that I was the happiest person there, as it had been my privilege to bring these sick people a message of comfort from our merciful God. It was a blessed day.

Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Savior trod
Of daily toil and woe.
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love;
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

XIII

A Father Made Happy

I MUST record a short talk which I had with a young man whose wife had died of consumption, and who now himself was in the clutches of the same dread disease, and who had three small children that had been placed with strangers.

I said: "Shall I give you something to read today?"

"No; there is something else of which I stand more in need."

"What is that?"

It took some time before he answered:

"I have heard that all is not well with my poor children. And I am thinking all the time how much I would like to see them. But I have not so much as a cent toward the expenses of the trip."

"How far from here is the place?"

"About fifty miles."

"You shall have the money out of the fund created for such purposes by some of our charitable people. Make yourself ready."

You should have seen how happy this man was; he fairly shed tears of joy. You would have felt repaid if you had given something to this charity, with the prayer that your gift might gladden the heart of some poor fellow. You would have seen how your prayer was answered.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. Psalm 103:13.

XIV

"What Can I Do For You Today?"

THIS was the question which I put to a handsome young Norwegian girl who had been but a short time in this country, and who now was far gone in consumption. She looked at me, and then said: "I would like to have a gown or kimono, something like the one on the girl over there, to wrap myself in during the day. But I have only $2, which my sister gave me, and such a garment costs $5."

Poor girl! She came to this country hoping to do well, and now she did not own so much as five dollars in the world. But she had that which was better than silver and gold, in that she was contented with her lot and that she had the love of God in her heart.

Think of this young girl, you who are blest with health and have so many good things, a pleasant home and many friends. You should be happy and thank God. And you should show your gratitude by doing good to these poor people concerning whom you read and who have been laid before our door. It were good if such girls gave something to their less fortunate sisters and spent something less on unnecessary finery. They would collect ornaments for eternity.

"So, I take it that you want me to give you three dollars," said I.

She was bashful about it and seemed not to have the courage to say either yes or no.

"Well, I can promise you that you shall soon have such a garment." The next day I met a kind lady who gave me a wrapper like the one wanted, and I sent it to the girl. And I can imagine how happy she was when she saw it.

XV

A Matter of Money

ONE of the things which often has bothered me, and no doubt many others, is the circumstance that when we write concerning the work for God's kingdom on earth we are generally compelled to

mention the matter of money; we must end the article with an appeal for funds. "We could and would do so much more if we only had the necessary money." There is no getting away from it. Even the work of God simply can not be done without money. Jesus himself had a treasurer, though the whole purpose of His work was to save souls. Great schools, churches, hospitals and the like are not everything. These are but the workshops for those who carry on the Lord's work of saving the lost. The main purpose of your giving, dear friends, should not be to gladden some poor person with something for his bodily comfort, but to help cure his soul, bring the sinner to penitence, comfort and strengthen the penitent sinner that he may be steadfast in the faith unto the end.

Oh, that we might see these things in the proper perspective—money and the saving of souls. If we saw how much more important is the immortal soul it would not be necessary for us to be all the time asking for money. This would come without the asking. We could devote ourselves more fully to the real purpose of our building churches and schools and the many eleemosynary institutions. God bless these words to that good end.

He filleth with His fulness
  All things with large increase,
He crowns the year with goodness,
  With plenty and with peace.
Bring to His sacred altar
  The gifts His goodness gave,
The golden sheaves of harvest,
  The souls He died to save.

XVI

Letters

Hopewell Hospital,
Minneapolis, Minn., April 21, 1916.

Dear Pastor Dahl:

Please accept this little Easter greeting with a host of sincere wishes for you, all for good, and the prayer that God will richly bless you, personally, in health and strength. He has so wonderfully blessed your labors among us, as like the men of God, of old, you come and go, breaking to us the Bread of Life. I say "us," for it is not the patients alone who are helped and cheered along the way. The Light of God, shining clearly and steadily in your life and your work, has beamed upon us nurses, too, and encouraged us in our strivings to honor our Father who is in heaven. Your task is a difficult one, and so faithfully performed, you have become "Pastor Dahl" to us all, and have won our confidence and esteem. God spare you to us for years to come.

Sincerely yours,

Mary F. Hughes.

Hopewell Hospital,
Minneapolis, Minn., January 4, 1916.

Pastor A. L. Dahl:

Accept my heartfelt thanks for the Christmas gift received. The little pamphlet I certainly appreciate very much. The message it contains can be read in the Bible, of course, but it almost seems as a new message when it comes like this. I can also assure you that the words you spoke when the gifts were distributed touched many hearts. Several of the patients spoke very highly of you, and I know that you are loved by many at Hopewell.

Very respectfully,

Yours in Christ and in the work,

Hulda Hultqvist (Nurse).

My Dear Rev. Dahl:

I want to thank you so much for the kind remembrance, loving words and Christmas cheer.

I also want to thank you in behalf of the patients. They have appreciated your visits from time to time far more than I can tell you. We all join in wishing you a year of joy, health and happiness.

Sincerely,

Carrie E. Epply,
Superintendent.

January 2, 1916.

Dear Pastor Dahl:

Just a line to wish you a joyous Easter, who have done so much to bring joy to others. May you be long spared to "Hopewell" to bless by your cheery presence sick and well alike, to go in and out as a shepherd, feeding and leading the wandering ones into the fold, and helping many, as some we know have been helped, to see the light which makes even the "dark valley" bright.

Surely there will be many stars in your crown as a result of your work here.

Yours with sincerest wishes,

Mary Edith Ruddick.

Rev. A. L. Dahl,
425 South Fourth Street,
City.

My Dear Pastor Dahl: Just a little note of "Easter Greetings" to you. My wish is, that you may have a most glorious Eastertide this year, and may Providence see fit to give you many years of service for our patients at Hopewell Hospital. You have done such noble and splendid work here. I can not express to you our great appreciation of your work here, and may it long continue.

Sincerely,

Carrie E. Epply.

Many flowers on the grave of a friend is a beautiful sight. But it were better still if some of these flowers were scattered along his path while he is doing his work here and sometimes finding the road a hard one to travel. Here are many and beautiful flowers—and they are needed.

XVII

The Love of a Good Daughter for Her Poor Mother

IN the hospitals we witness scenes which might cause even the stones to weep. And how good and necessary it is sometimes to give these poor people some temporal assistance by paying a part of their expenses, or giving them a little money with which to get a fresh start, if they are cured and discharged. Here is one of many such cases: A daughter of poor parents in Norway—and we have many such—came to this country. Her father was dead. She found employment and sent money home for the support of her poor mother, and besides this, she had in six years saved the tidy sum of $200. Then she made a trip to Norway to see her dear mother, and when she was ready to come back here she gave what money she still had to the mother, and borrowed the few dollars needed by herself for the return trip from some other emigrant. After some months the young woman was found to have appendicitis. She waited too long before submitting to an operation. Her body was poisoned, and for a long time she hovered between life and death. All of us gave up hope. However, after

some months in the hospital, with quiet and with careful nursing, she recovered. But then she had a big bill to pay. We helped her out of our treasury to the extent of our slender means.

I wish that I could take you with me for a week or so to these large hospitals, that you might see and hear something of the temporal and spiritual conditions obtaining among the patients. Then you would not need so many admonitions to do something for this branch of the Lord's work, to which He has given so much space in both the Testaments, and which is to be one of the subjects that we shall hear about on the great day of judgment. "For I was hungry, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me." Matt. 25:35, 36.

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child;
Friends on earth and friends above,
Pleasures pure and undefiled;
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our great-felt psalm of praise.

XVIII

"The Hardest of All to Bear"

THIS expression we hear, and this we experience in the hospitals for consumptives. In other hospitals there is more of what may be called a floating population; the patients come and go. But in the tuberculosis hospitals the patients generally make

a longer stay, and often the hospital is their last earthly home. And it is truly depressing to be here and look on these faces, some with the hectic flush of quick consumption; while other patients seem to be well excepting for their cough, and still others are pale and emaciated, waiting only for the end. And the coughing which is heard at all times. It has been hard enough to see one such patient, but to see a hundred of them together is something to try the nerves and search out the heart. And their story is often very sad. Here is one such:

The patient is a woman of thirty years. She has been married eight years and has three children. The husband took to drink, and she could not live with him. She was too poor to secure a divorce, even if she had wished it, which she did not. Then she was stricken with consumption. She was obliged to give away to others her little children. She went about among her relatives, but all were afraid of her. Even her own sister dared not have her in the house. "And that was the hardest of all to bear." And this sick woman is not the only one who has uttered that complaint.

Are we not guilty of a great sin against these unfortunates? Of course, care should be taken to avoid disease; but even in this matter one may go too far. Thank God, however, this woman could tell of another experience also. She had found a Friend who was not afraid of her, the Lord Jesus, the sinners' Friend. We were touched to the heart when we talked together of His love toward sinners.

Many of the patients, especially those in the hospitals for consumptives, have spent much of their substance, or all of it, in seeking a cure before coming to these places. So they must look for their

support either to public or private charity. Poverty and sickness are often cousins and travel in company. And we are called on by many who are sick and friendless; who have spent some time at a hospital, perhaps, and are afflicted with some hopeless disease—whether this is through their own fault or not makes no difference. In dealing with such visitors we often close the day. After seeing pain and misery all day, we receive these callers in the evening when we are tired and in need of rest. They are hungry and homeless. We can not hope to be able to sleep with a clear conscience if we do not give these unfortunates some assistance.

This one of the many things to be done in the service of the Master can not be done with mere words. Something more substantial is needed. Recently we paid more than $150 for three patients in one of the hospitals. And we have just given $60 to one whom we sent home to Norway.

Now, it will depend on you, brother and sister, who read these lines, whether or not we shall be able to continue this charity. "My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth." I John 3:18.

Bring to His sacred altar
The gifts His goodness gave,
The golden sheaves of harvest,
The souls He died to save;
Your hearts lay down before Him,
When at His feet we fall,
And with your lives adore Him,
Who gave His life for all.

XIX

"Now I Need No More Money"

THIS was the solemn and unforgettable sermon preached to me the other day by one of the consumptives in the city hospital. He was an unmarried man of 37 years, who had been ill a long time. Of late years he had spent a part of the time at the hospitals, and for the rest had been compelled to beg his food.

Last winter he came many times, even in the most inclement weather, to ask for a little money. We gave him a little each time. But it was not enough for his needs. And so he again found refuge in a charity hospital. Here I met him again. Now he was in a way provided for, but he needed a little money for a shave and the like. In his hard lot—penniless, friendless, homeless and sick—he had hardened his heart against God and man. He saw that others were rich and strong and well, and that they had an abundance of all good things, fine homes and an army of friends, while he did not have that on which he could lay his head. Instead of humbling himself under the hand of God he became morose and bitter. God deliver us from such a condition.

But the faithful Lord, the Friend of Sinners, did not forget the lost son. This man was at last humbled in the dust. He confessed and repented of his sins against God and man and sued for pardon. "You must beg those against whom I have sinned, and whom I have offended, to forgive me," he said.

Then came the last time that I visited him. I asked him if he needed any money, and he an-

swered: "No; now I have no further use for money." This was to me a powerful sermon, and it should be the same to you. What would my conscience have said to me now if I had not helped him at the time when he needed money and could use it? Friends, a time is coming when the poor will no longer need our help, the homeless need no shelter from us, when the helpless can do without us. God only knows when this time will come. Therefore, let us do good to all when occasion offers and not postpone it to some other time. This time might never come. Think if you should stand before God and complaint be made against you by such as you could have helped, but would not.

XX

At the City Hospital

WHEN I go from one sick-bed after another and have greeted the patients, I generally say: "Well, and how are you getting along?" If they answer that they are doing well I do not stop long. But if they say that they are in a very bad condition I feel it my duty to give them more of my time.

I met here an American woman. She was sick and depressed, really in sore trouble. After talking to her for a time, I said: "Let us now ask God for help in your trouble, and He has promised that He will hear our prayer." We then made our wants and wishes known to Him, according to the grace given us by the Holy Spirit.

Then I said: "Now I hope that you will feel more strengthened and encouraged and happy."

You should have seen her smile. "I am already stronger and more cheerful and happy. I feel so encouraged by your prayer." And if any one was happy in that hospital that day, it was myself.

Comfort, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Isaiah 40:1.

XXI.

Many Letters, Gifts and Good Wishes

WE are having joyful experiences these days. They are God's answer to our prayer for help for the poor minister, for the sick with consumption at the hospital, and for the other sick people.

The heart is touched by the reading of these many shorter or longer letters which come with gifts of money. Some merely sign themselves "A friend of the sick." And some gifts come entirely anonymously. Only the official mark on the envelope may give us a pointer as to the home of the giver. I would like to send a long letter of thanks to each of these givers, but I have not the time and strength. But I can not neglect now to give thanks in this public way. I thank first of all our good God, then the kind givers. And the papers, "Skandinaven," "Budbaereren," "Decorah-Posten," "Ungdommens Ven," "Lutheraneren," which have been so kind as to publish our articles and appeals and have thus helped the good work. Thanks to all of you!

Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days. Ec. 11:1.

XXII

Kind Words from "A Patient," in "Budbæreren"

IT is not the body only which is helped and cared for in this institution; the soul also receives attention. Many ministers and lay brethren are diligent in visiting the hospitals and speaking to the patients about their immortal souls. Rev. A. L. Dahl, our hospital missionary, is doing a blessed work. He brings his friendly face with him wherever he goes, and we hear his sympathetic and kind voice before he comes and after he leaves our room. He speaks to us of the Great Physician, who came to take away sin and its results, sorrow, sickness and death. His visits seem altogether too short, but he cheers the patients with the announcement that he will come again soon. He is very busy, as he must visit so many hospitals. Many of the sick persons are poor and unable to pay their hospital fees, and the hospital missionary has often gladdened them with substantial help in their distress.

Fraternally,

S. N. ENGELSTAD.

Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips. Prov. 27:2.

XXIII

Heaven in the Hospitals

I ONCE read of a merchant who had heard of a poor widow near by with many children. It was near Christmas and he conceived the idea—no doubt an inspiration of the Spirit—that he should visit this poor family and give them something to help them have a happy Christmas. He found a large box, in which he placed some of the best of the eatables in his store, and then some clothes for the children. One can well understand the rejoicing in the poverty-stricken hut, when the children had these clothes fitted on and heard it said: "These belong to you, and these to you." And after that all the good things to eat.

When this merchant came back to his own place he said to his people in the store: "I have found heaven on earth." They wanted an explanation, and he gave it. "I saw such joy in the poor home when I gave them the presents that it is beyond all words. And what is heaven if not joy?"

May heaven be found even in the hospitals? Yes, I found it there the day before Thanksgiving day. When I had gone from bed to bed in one ward after the other for several hours and was about to leave, I noticed a man about 60 years old, pale and emaciated. I stopped and began to talk to him. He was a Norwegian. I asked him about his sickness and about the state of his soul. In regard to his body the situation was this: He had been ailing a long time, and now he had been sent here to the university hospital that they might find out what his trouble was. This hospital belongs to the state and is

a part of the medical department of the university. The treatment costs nothing. He did not need to come here for his own sake, but it was thought that his case might prove instructive to the students. I asked him about the condition of his purse. Well, he told me that he always had been poor; that his wife was living in a little cottage for which some kind people had promised to pay the rent. I had a one-dollar and a five-dollar bill, and hesitated as to which of these I ought to give him. It ended in my handing him the larger one. He looked at it as if he could hardly trust his own eyes. And then these filled with tears, which I am sure were tears of joy and gratitude. And this sight laid such hold on me that I will be slow to forget it. And if you who had sent me this five-dollar bill could have seen the same sight, I am sure that you would have thanked God who gave you the money, and gave you the heart to give it in charity. Yes, heaven itself came down into the hospital and found lodgment in this soul. Still, it is but a little while. Our joys and our taste of heaven here are transient, but over there they shall be eternal. However, let us thank God for even our little joys in the Lord. Let us, when Christmas approaches, use some of our time and means to prepare such happiness for the many here and there who have grief and trouble; and so we shall be glad, and the angels of God shall rejoice.

"Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." Matthew 10:42.

XXIV

"We Found Heaven in the Hospital"

SUCH was the heading over a short article which I published some time ago in several of our papers, and in which I asked for contributions toward doing some little kindnesses for those who are sick. And I did not ask in vain. God reward you all for the gifts and for the many kind words that came with them.

And now I want to tell you some few things as to what I did with a part of the money sent me. Thomas Hospital is the one best known to us Norsemen. It is for consumptives only. But the patients are of all nationalities. Then we have the city's own tuberculosis hospital, in the outskirts; it is called Hopewell. To this are sent those patients who are too poor to pay anything. On the ground floor may also be found some chronic patients that are old and poor. This hospital has nearly three times as many patients as has the Thomas hospital, and it is over-crowded. In these two institutions we see the saddest sights. We see and hear so many whose life slowly ebbs away. The hacking cough and the gaunt faces are not conducive to good cheer. The thought came to me that now, at the Christmas season, I would devote my strength and some of your money to make it a more happy holiday season for these unfortunates. First I thought of publishing a Christmas greeting which might be the means of spreading more lasting joy than silver and gold; a little card with the Christmas gospel about the message of the angel from the God of love and mercy, concerning the

greatest of Christmas gifts—our Savior. This I did. I put this message into an envelope, together with a clean dollar bill in each and addressed them to the several patients, the names written by the head nurses. Every patient received such a letter. It cost us much work, but for this we were well repaid. And we wanted to show some kindness to the many nurses, who work day and night and risk their own lives in caring for the sick. So we sent each of them a similar envelope with a new silver half-dollar. Likewise to all the servants, the scrub-women and girls. But to them we could give only 25 cents each.

On Christmas day I was at Thomas Hospital. I conducted a short service. Then the names were called out, and one of the nurses delivered the letters. The next day I was at Hopewell with its seven large wards and followed the same routine. First I gave a short talk in English about the greatest, most precious, most necessary and most enduring Christmas gift, and then the message and presents were distributed. There was solemnity as in a church. There were tears and thanks and waving of hands, and in this way we went through all the wards and the smaller rooms. To me these were working days, but I do not remember ever to have had a more happy Christmas. And I again experienced the truth of what a young man, now one of our professors, said at a Christmas tree festival in one of my churches: "When we make others happy we make ourselves happy also." I believe that in these hospitals many had a foretaste of heaven. And you, my friend, who helped to make this possible, do you also rejoice and thank God. It is to cheer you that I write these lines.

Rejoice, rejoice, ye Christians, with all your heart this morn;
Oh, hear the blessed tidings: The Lord, the Christ is born,
Now brought us by the angels that stand about God's throne;
Oh, lovely are the voices that make such tidings known.

XXV

Some Sad and Some Happy Incidents

ON behalf of the sick and the poor, I return sincere thanks to our friends for their prayers, good wishes and presents. We received many of these now for Christmas, and we were thus able to make many poor people happy. We need such help always; for we always have the poor and the sick among us. Do not forget our work, and that even the smallest gift is acceptable. To all who have sent us anything I have sent a receipt; some of which, however, have been returned to me as unclaimed. Some gifts come anonymously, and we can not personally thank the givers. And some money comes in unregistered letters. There is then some risk, but I do not know that any such money has been lost. All the gifts are acknowledged in "Lutheraneren" and some in "Budbaereren." We now have a pretty heavy monthly expense. At Thomas Hospital are some patients for whom we pay half, and for others all of their regular bills. And we could do it for more of them if we had the money. And we assist some young people to return to Norway—some who came here hoping to do well, but who fell sick. They yearn for their old home, though many of them have nobody there excepting a poor

mother. It costs us less to send them home than to pay for their keep at the hospital. And they are grateful. I must tell you some happenings in detail:

There was a family living 400 miles north of this city, in the woods, 18 miles from the railroad. The wife had been sick for two years and suffered much. Then she was sent to Rochester to learn definitely what her trouble was. She had to travel alone; the family could not afford to send anyone with her. In Rochester they said that she had consumption, and they sent her home. At the station in Minneapolis she swooned and hurt herself falling on the stone floor. She knew nothing more until she came to herself in the City Hospital. As she was a consumptive they sent her to Hopewell. But she had no right to be there either; they wired to her husband that he must come for her. He came, but he had no money, and she was too weak to make the journey. He begged us to find a place for her at Thomas Hospital, and we could not refuse. For this the man was very happy in the midst of his trouble. I stood at the window and kept an eye on him. He ran all the way to the street car in his hurry to reach Hopewell and bring his wife to us at Thomas.

Here at Thomas Hospital is a Jewess, 23 years old, named Sara. She has tuberculosis of the throat, and is a lovable young woman. In spite of her illness she smiles when she sees me. She likes to have me tell her about the Savior. God knows whether or not she will be won for Christ, but we have hopes. Her mother has said that she will refuse her daughter nothing that might make her happy. But her parents are poor. An older sister is in service and has paid most of the expenses.

Still she is in debt to the hospital. So she must be sent away. Who will take pity on this daughter of Israel and give her the means of remaining here while she lives?

Good and necessary as the temporal assistance is, yet spiritual comfort is even more necessary. On this subject whole books might be written. Each of these sick people has an immortal soul. Many have all their days walked in thoughtless security, and have never, according to their own statements, offered up a prayer to God. Many are even now entirely callous, though they see death before their eyes. But others are penitent souls, who are wishing for help against their doubts and for comfort in their affliction, and who say to me: "When are you coming again? Do come soon." It goes hard with me not to be able to get around again to such as these for, possibly, a week or more, and then it happens that I find their beds empty. I shall say no more now about the unpleasant features, or about those patients who refuse all spiritual help. I prefer to dwell on the brighter pictures.

A Danish woman at Hopewell was spiritually in deep waters. She often spoke to me of her trouble. I gave her the Lord's Supper. At five o'clock in the morning my telephone rang. Someone at Hopewell who had but a few hours to live, wanted to see me. I went, and it proved to be this woman. She had wished to call me in the middle of the night, but had waited in order not to disturb my rest. Instead of sorrow and despair she now was filled with joy, and she could not die, she said, without having told me about the change that had come over her. At midnight she had seen a vision. It seemed to her that a group of bright angels stood

around her bed and looked at her, and she felt happy and safe as never before. I had been with her in her sorrow, and now she wanted me to take part in her joy. She said: "Verily, God is good."

A Norwegian girl of 18 years was one of my attentive hearers. One day when the beginning of the end was come near, I asked her if she still had anything weighing on her mind. She tried to answer, but her voice was choked with sobs. At last, however, she stammered: "Jesus will not come to me." I rejoiced over her sorrow in this case; for when a soul is in tears, seeking the Lord, it is well on the way to be healed. I assured her that Jesus was here among us, could we but see Him, and that He would not desert her. Remember Mary on the resurrection morning; she spoke with Jesus and did not know it.

Not long after this the same sick girl sent for me again. She wanted the Lord's Supper, and she was bright and happy. I asked her to tell which particular Bible verse it was that had made her so happy. It was this: "Blessed are they who have not seen, but yet believe" (John 20:29). She believed that she was saved. When after a day or two I again visited her, she said: "I saw a vision last night. I saw angels come down, and they took me back to heaven with them." A more glorious vision is hardly recorded. It went beyond what Jacob saw; for he was compelled to walk here in the vale of tears for a long time after his vision.

Shortly after the incident mentioned this young girl died. Her last words to the nurse were these: "Oh, but it will soon be glorious."

I might relate several similar experiences. A loving greeting to all the friends in God who wish in

some way and by some means to promote the Lord's work.

And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it. Genesis 28:12.

XXVI

A Letter

FOR the encouragement of our friends and the supporters of our hospital mission in the Twin Cities—to indicate that the work has not been in vain—I include in this place a letter from Norway; from a fine young man who for a year had been sick with consumption at this hospital and had longed to go back to his native land. I gave him the necessary money out of the funds with which you good friends have provided me. I saw him on his way and said goodbye to him, after having offered up prayer with him for his soul's salvation. And now let his letter tell us how he has been getting on:

Alfheim, Kongsvinger, Norway, May 4, 1915.

Rev. A. L. Dahl:

To my dear and distant friend who has helped me to find salvation: It now seems likely that I soon may go home to my Savior and find rest from all things here below. So the thought has come to me that I would write to my dear pastor, who so often has comforted me with the Word of God. I reached Norway all right, had a good trip all the way and felt real well. And I remained well about a week after coming home, but now I am rapidly approaching the end. I did not expect the end to come so soon, but my ways were not the Lord's ways. Still I am happy in thinking that I soon shall go to my Father's

house and again meet my dear mother and the others who have gone before. Give my greetings to all the friends at the hospital, with the wish that we may meet again. First and last I send greetings to my friend Pastor Dahl and the sisters. Your grateful brother in the Lord,

KRISTIAN DØNNUM.

Yea, though I walk in the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Psalm 23:4.

XXVII

Saved

MANY of you who read this will know already that the United Church has established a hospital mission in these cities, Minneapolis and St. Paul. Many of you have sent money contributions to this cause, and you have prayed for it. This was well done, and we wish that more still might do it. It is good to have something to give to the sick and poor. But it often seems to me that we are prone to forget the main purpose of all mission work: to benefit the soul.

Not all who come to the hospitals are poor, but all need salvation. And this can only come through the hearing of God's Word concerning sin and grace. Even if one is so happy as to have been saved before coming here he still sorely needs help to be preserved in the Word and the faith.

Here are many who have not been saved, but should be. And many who are saved stand in need of courage and comfort, which nothing save the Word of God can give them. This Word is able to save our souls. Some are needed, then, to preach this Word, and by the grace of God to do this in

the right way. To show that the work has not been in vain I tell some further experiences, which have cheered us and which will cheer you who support this work.

One evening I was called to one of the hospitals. It was a bright Norwegian girl who wished to speak with me. What did she want? Well, she said timidly: "It is, I suppose, too late for me to be saved." Thank God it was not difficult to answer this doubt. No, it is not too late, but there is no time to waste. "Miss ———— also is now happy," remarked one of the other patients a day or two later.

A Danish woman said: "I must soon die, but I am not yet ready." When she had partaken of the Lord's Supper, she said: "Oh, now I am so happy and feel so comforted. I believe that God will receive me." Now, this woman has by the grace of God entered into the rest for the weary. There was a man from Sweden, about 40 years old, who denied the truth of the word and laughed at every admonition. When I came to him the second time he pretended to be sleeping. So also the next time. But when I woke him up he was angry and told me to leave him alone: "Talk to others; I am too sick." The next time after this he showed a more friendly spirit, and he became more and more friendly the longer I spoke to him. He looked steadily at me, and the tears rolled down his pale cheeks. I told him something about how happy are those who die in the Lord. I remained for a time in this large sickroom, and his eyes followed me. Just before leaving I looked over to his bed. He waved me a farewell, and I answered it. I wanted to be there again the next day, but other duties prevented this. But the following day I went there early, and then

he had just died. To another man in the sick chamber he had said: "After all, Pastor Dahl was right." I have the hope that this man in the eleventh hour was snatched as a brand from the burning.

I remember another consumptive who now, I dare believe, is in the heavenly home. He said: "I am so much afraid that I might lose my reason and then, perhaps, be lost." He was in sore need of comfort. And by the grace of God he was comforted and was able to believe, and he said: "Now I know that God today sent you to me in order to comfort me." Afterward he was never again troubled with this fear.

Friends, salvation is the one great thing needful. We need help to see our sinfulness, and comfort from God in life's bitter trials. Such comfort nothing but the Word of God can give. This Word is a power unto salvation to all them that believe.

Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky;
Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts;
And to its heavenly teaching turn
With simple, childlike hearts.

XXVIII

The Poorest of the Poor

SOME time since a countryman of ours, 45 years old, died at the City Hospital here in Minneapolis. He had been in this country six years, and had a wife and three children in Norway. What his life had been during these six years I do not

know, and if I did it might not be a pretty story. But I know something of his last days, and this may in many ways be instructive. I had helped him with a little money. He suffered with cancer of the stomach. Then he asked me to visit him at the hospital. He was then sinking fast. He wanted me to write for him to his wife and children and to his old father and beg their forgiveness. This I did. But the father did not receive the letter; he had died a year ago, not knowing whether his son was alive or dead. This man died here among strangers without a friend at his side, without money to pay for the cheapest coffin, and with no mourner to follow his body to its last resting place. And he is far from being the only one who has died in this way.

But I wanted to tell you something of his poverty. From Norway I received answers to my letters, but these came after his death. He left some little pieces of property. I wrote to the widow and asked her what she wished me to do with them. She answered: "I would like to have them as souvenirs for the children, but I have no money with which to pay for having them sent to me." I went to the persons in authority, explained who I was and asked for these little belongings which he had left, and they were turned over to me.

They were: A watch, worth possibly three dollars; a safety razor, a set of shirt buttons, two lead pencils, some letters and a few good booklets, among them a New Testament, which at his request I had given him as the last present to him. His total assets hardly amounted to five dollars. It is to weep when we think of this poor family. This was all that the widow and the three children inherited

from the husband and father who six years ago had gone to the New World to make his fortune. I sent the articles mentioned to the family, and with them a draft for five dollars of the money which charitable people have given me. This money was to buy some little Christmas presents for the children as coming from their father. And there was joy in the midst of sorrow, to think that the long-absent head of the family had repented of his sins and found grace with God and man.

And now, friends, would you not call this man, as I have called him, the poorest of the poor? And you, who have prospered, what are you going to do to relieve the distress of these, your poor brethren?

True religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world. James 1:27.

XXIX

A Happy Day at Hopewell

SOME weeks ago we had such a happy day at Hopewell that the patrons and other friends of our mission must have a share in our joy. Among many other patients there were three young men, of about 30 years—one Swedish, one Norse, and the third a Frenchman. The first two I had known for more than a year, and had often talked with them. Like so many of our young people they had since their confirmation lived without any care for their souls. They did not deny the truth of God's Word, but they had no part in the glory which it promises. They had fought life's battles and lost heart.

It would take too long to tell all that we discussed together. The good Lord Jesus was with us, and gradually the light began to shine upon them. They always enjoyed my visits, and in the spirit of children they often said: "Do sit with us for a time." How good it is to sit at such bedsides where one is welcome, and to open the rich treasury of God to these hungry souls, even if they seem slow to find courage to believe that the treasures are meant for them. A seeking soul may often be slow to take comfort. He is afraid that it may not be for him; that he must wait.

The Frenchman was noticed by me one day when I had offered to do errands for them in town, and give them a little money, if any of them might want a copy of the New Testament. I took down the names of those who said yes by raising their hands. So my acquaintance with this Frenchman began. We became friends and then brothers in Christ. He wished to be baptized. I gave him instruction and postponed the baptism as long as I dared. Then came the glad day. With two of the head nurses, who were devout believers, as sponsors, he received holy baptism and then the Lord's Supper. All four of us were very happy. God was with us.

Then I went to the other two young men. It had been arranged that they also were to go to Communion. The Swedish young man had long been wishing for it, but his Norwegian friend was more backward; he wanted the sacrament, but did not have the necessary courage. "What is it," I asked, "that keeps you from coming to this Supper, which will strengthen you in your sore trial? Tell me. It may be that I could by the grace of God help you." Finally he said: "I am unworthy of it."

Well, thank God. You are in good company. It is they that feel just so who should come. And now, would you like to hear what Luther says in this matter? He says: "When you feel most unworthy you are most worthy. And when you think yourself most worthy you are most unworthy." You should have seen the happy smile on the haggard remains of that once beautiful face. And he said: "I will accept it." All these, my three boys—and not mine only but the Lord's and yours—were glad that day. No tongue or pen can describe my joy as I went my weary way to my home that evening. What greater happiness can there be than to be able to help a brother or sister to love God and to feel assured of salvation? Now the two Scandinavian friends have gone home to their Good Shepherd where there is no more weeping. Our French brother is still with us, waiting any day to leave this world and be with the Savior. Friends, rejoice with us, and give God all honor.

After the above was written this French brother also has passed away. He had to wait long and suffered much. At the last he was a mere skeleton. I was with him some hours before his death. He remained faithful to the last and had long been ready for the journey. On August 14 we laid him to rest in Crystal Lake cemetery in Minneapolis.

By the mercy of God these three brothers are now safely at home in heaven, where there is no more pain or death.

Far off I see my fatherland,
Where through Thy grace I hope to stand;
But ere I reach that Paradise,
A weary way before me lies.
My heart sinks at the journey's length,

My wasted flesh has little strength,
Only my soul still cries in me:
Lord, fetch me home, take me to Thee.

XXX

Some More Letters

THESE letters—we have hundreds of similar ones—are published here solely in order that those who read them may see what folks think of our hospital mission, and that this work may become better known among us.

The first letter, from one of the sisters, bears testimony that our work, which is the Lord's work, is being remembered in prayer to the God of all mercy.

The second letter comes from one who, considering his years and zeal, must be regarded as one of the warmest and most self-sacrificing friends of this mission. He was such a friend while Rev. Mr. Sether was at the head of the work. And in spite of his 79 years he still is active for the good cause in his community. This surely is a worthy way of spending one's old age. The Lord bless him and keep him on his last journey.

The third letter shows us a woman who gives of her poverty, in that she gives to the Lord's cause a part of the Christmas gift she herself had received for her comfort—a good example to such as live in abundance.

The fourth letter comes from the tireless and capable woman who is superintendent of Hopewell Hospital for consumptives, and who is all the time concerned with the welfare of the sick and suffering under her charge; anxious not only to

relieve their bodily distress, but still more to help them spiritually. Therefore, she is grateful for any assistance given her in this arduous and glorious work.

Ogilvie, December 20, 1916.

Rev. Mr. Dahl:

Peace from God be with you.

I send you $6 for such of your sick people as are poor; use the money where needed.

God will reward you richly for the sacrifices you make.

Be patient, brother, and do not tire of well-doing.

A happy Christmas to you from a humble sister.

May you be blessed, and be a blessing.

Mrs. L. Thoreson.

Slater, Iowa, December 11, 1916.

Rev. A. L. Dahl:

Dear Pastor: Grace and peace be with you.

During this autumn I have thought of you and your work of love among the sick and otherwise afflicted; and I have therefore gone to some of my friends this year also and asked them for a little contribution which we might send you for the holiday season. And I have not asked in vain this time either; people have been kind, and most of those to whom I have spoken have given me a trifle. It is not much, but it is better than nothing. And every cent which I receive makes me glad; for I can add it to the little which I myself am able to give to this branch of our church work. Some have given me more than I had expected of them, and it has cheered and humbled me. So what I send you herewith is not from myself: the mite which I am in the habit of giving was sent last spring. Regarding my work as closed for this year, I enclose this draft as a Christmas present to the sick and poor. God bless the gift to the honor of His name and the salvation of souls. (The draft is, as you see, for $3 more than shown by the list; $2 of it is payment for a book which you sent me last spring and asked me to sell, a book written by a young student, and the other dollar I have added.) There are so many undertakings we read about in our church papers, and which we are asked to support, and I

would like to do my share where necessary; but it is beyond my means. The sad part of it is, that so many of our people do nothing, and so we are short of funds. I ask you to hand my little gift to Mrs. M. O. Bøckman,

O. G. NERNES

who will put it to the use of the school we are building in China, without mentioning my name. My cordial greetings and wishes that God's grace and blessing may rest on you and your work; and wishing you a happy Christmas in the name of Jesus.

O. G. Nernes.

Kalispell, January 2, 1917.

Rev. A. L. Dahl:

Enclosed you will find a dollar to your afflicted poor. I had hoped to send something for Christmas, but was unable to do it. My son, however, sent me $5 as a present. Dividing it among the several missions there is not much for each, but I hope that God will bless even this little amount. God bless you richly in your work for the sick and dying, to His glory and to the salvation of many. With best wishes to you and your sick ones for a good and blessed New Year in the name of our Savior.

Respectfully,

HANSINE S. BARTNESS.

261 First Ave. E., Kalispell, Mont.

Minneapolis, Minn., January 1, 1917.

Rev. A. L. Dahl,
425 Fourth Street South,
City.

My Dear Rev. Dahl: I want to tell you that all at Hopewell Hospital have so much appreciated your Christmas greetings and gift and sincerely thank you very, very much. You have indeed helped all to have a more happy and blessed Christmas holiday. I also want to thank you for your many, many ways of helping me in my work during the past year. It has so often made the burden lighter. We all join in wishing you a year and many more of health, happiness and the richest of God's blessings.

Sincerely,

CARRIE E. EPPLY.

For Jesus' sake, then, let us work;
Our duty may we never shirk.
The Master's way on earth below
His servants will not fear to go.

XXXI

"Ashamed before God"

AN Englishman of about 35 years was at the City Hospital and suffered much in body and soul. The worst seemed to be the distress of his soul. "Oh, that my sins might be wiped out and forgiven."

But even though they were forgiven he was not as yet able to be happy in the thought of meeting his God. He said:

"I can not for shame meet my God, having done nothing for Him."

I do not remember to have heard from any others this particular complaint. But how true it is. Should not you who never ask what God's will may be, nor pray that you may do something for Him —should not you, if you were permitted to enter heaven just as you are, feel something of this shame? How can I have courage to meet my God if I have done nothing of all that which he has commanded me to do? We also may well feel that we can not for very shame meet our God when we have done so little and done that little so badly and often unwillingly. God give us as much of this feeling of shame as we can bear now, that we may not at last see Him with a feeling of shame, but with a filial love which shall never suggest that there ever has been any kind of unfriendly relation between us. All is not only forgiven but forgotten. Praise God.

Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. Romans 12:1.

XXXII

"The Room Is Full of Angels"

RECENTLY there was again a glorious day at Hopewell. A Swedish woman, who was very soon to go through the dark valley, wished to receive the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. I was glad to give it to her. When I came back into the room with the bread and the cup her face beamed with happiness.

After she had partaken of the Supper and was lying in her bed, raised on one of her elbows, she began to look about her and above her. And then she exclaimed:

"The room is full of angels. Oh, I am so happy."

And tears of joy coursed down her pale cheeks. I did not see the angels, but I caught a glimpse of a soul that truly loved the Savior.

Whom God sends great trials He also gives to see and taste the more of His grace. This woman had a husband and four little children. The youngest had lately died. And now the mother must leave the others, who so sadly needed her. But the Lord made her happier in the prospect of the journey before her than she ever had been in any of the work which He had given her to do. He is good.

Ah, then I have my heart's desire,
When singing with the angels' choir,
Among the ransomed of Thy grace,
For ever I behold Thy face.

XXXIII

A Death, a Baptism and a Funeral

"NOW you came at the right time." This was the greeting spoken to me by a young Swedish woman at Hopewell early one morning as I came into her room. She felt that her end was near, and she was longing for comfort from God. She had important traveling arrangements to make. And she made them, thank God. With sorrow and pain, she confessed her sins and her neglect of the time of grace. And that she had not taken her two children to baptism. Now I must promise to go at once and baptize them. "I can not," she said, "die happy before I know that they will be baptized." I promised: "I will do what you ask, rely on that, if God lets me live long enough." This gave her great comfort.

Then I talked to her about the Lord's Supper. She had long wished that she might receive the Lord's body and blood, but had done nothing further about it. "I will come back and give you this sacrament," said I. After a time she asked: "Could I not receive it today?" "Yes, now you may have it." A more heavenly smile than that which beamed in her face has hardly been seen on any face here below. She received the sacrament and was happy, and we gave thanks to God. A few hours after this she passed away. Then came the baptism of her children and her burial. It was a day of solemnity and of rejoicing. Thank God for every soul that is saved.

This whole transaction filled my soul with such strong emotions that I took my pen and wrote a

nymn in Norwegian. I did not intend to have it in the English edition; but my friend, Rev. C. K. Solberg, kindly turned it into English, and now it is given in the hope that it may do some good.

(Melody: "Aftensolen smiler.")

A tender, loving mother,
A kind and faithful wife,
The Lord by death did summon,
While in her prime of life.

That dread disease, consumption,
So quickly laid her low;
She left her home and loved ones,
To "Hopewell" she did go.

She made a full surrender
To go, should God so please,
She welcomed death with gladness,
And would depart in peace.

She leaves you, grieving husband,
A comfort sweet and strong.
Your bride with Christ now sainted
Awaits you there ere long.

Two little ones were standing
Beside the casket white,
They bitterly were weeping,
That mother now had died.

We then baptized these children —
It was her dying prayer —
And thus they were committed
Into God's tender care.

"Weep not for me, my dear ones,
I bid you all good-bye,
Come, seek your own salvation,
And we shall meet on high."

We praise Thee, Heavenly Father,
For Word and Sacrament,
For pardon, peace and mercy,
For glory heaven-sent!

A. L. Dahl.

(Translated from the Norwegian by C. K. Solberg.)

Miraculous Conversion

MANY people wonder why miracles do not occur in our day as in distant days of yore. But if people would only pay attention to what takes place even in our day they would see miracles all around them every day, though perhaps in a somewhat different way than in times past. That an infidel who tries to annihilate God and His work and glibly maintains that there is no God and no eternity—that such a man can become humble and consecrated to God is really the greatest of all miracles. This ought to be enough to convince those who see or hear about such things. Such a miracle is great enough for those in whom it takes place.

I shall give a brief account of a miracle of this kind. I have been permitted to witness the conversion of many sinners to God, but I never experienced anything like the one which I am about to call your attention to.

At Hopewell Hospital was a Swede about thirty-six years old. He was suffering from an incurable wound which would not heal after an operation, and also from tuberculosis. He was not a mocker, but an infidel. He had not learnt the catechism of the mockers and freethinkers, which has so much to

say about the supposed contradictions of the Bible and such things. But I shall save my readers from hearing all the disconsolate utterances that came from this wretched soul. Only this: I asked him: "How can you expect to be saved when you reject Jesus, your Savior?" He answered that he was "saved." "Death will save me. Death does its work, and so nothing remains." We asked him how he had been educated when he was a boy. He had learned his catechism, had been confirmed and so on. We asked him if we might bring him a catechism. Oh, yes, we might do that. We were glad, maybe this would help. He took it. But the next time he gave it back and asked us to leave him. "Please let me alone," he said. We had to do so.

He was removed from the big ward. We did not know where, alive or dead. As if by divine dispensation, we were fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of him through the open doorway to a little room. We stepped in, sat down and asked how he was getting along. Well, there was not much time left. We told him so. Then we asked him if he had changed his mind about death and judgment and eternity. "No," he answered.

Again we pointed out to him the ways both of life and of death, of salvation and perdition. And we put this question to him: "Can you pass unsaved into the eternal torment, now that such a salvation is offered to you by grace and for nothing? Even today you may be saved. You think God is angry at you, and so you are angry at Him. But let me tell you in the name of the Lord Jesus: God is not angry with you, but at your sin. God loves you, and if you are willing you may be saved. Yes, God loves all of us, all people, but he hates our sins.

Oh, if you could but see and believe that God loves you."

He lay quietly for a little while, then he said: "It is too late for me to be saved." Such words had not passed his lips before. We spoke about "too late" and "not too late." Soon I was to hear far more significant confessions.

"I am too great a sinner to be saved." These words brought tears of joy to my eyes. And the angels no doubt rejoiced, too. Here a miracle had taken place, and indeed the greatest miracle that can happen to any man on this earth. Now it was an easy matter to open God's rich storehouse of grace and mercy. And in all my experience with regard to conversions I had never witnessed such a swift acceptance of the grace of God and belief in the forgiveness of sins as at this deathbed. And how he thanked and praised God because He is so good, and Jesus because He is so kind. There was a craving for the Lord's Supper. **Now the man smiled in the face of death.** He prayed that Jesus would come soon. The man no longer looked away from me. His eyes were constantly fixed on me, showing that he was eager to hear what I said. While we were talking together I asked him if he had really been able to make himself believe that there is no God. His answer was: **"I have tried to make myself believe it, but did not succeed."**

The day before his death we called on him again. He remained steadfast in his faith, joy and assurance of salvation. And the last thing he did to me was this: he threw his emaciated arms around my neck, pulled me down close and whispered: "I believe Jesus will receive me."

Yes, indeed: Him that cometh to me will I in no wise cast out. John 6:37.

And I, like the queen's man from Ethiopia, went home rejoicing. Acts 8:39.

Again I had experienced a miracle.

Then came death, and the funeral. He had no friends, he said. From his parents he had not heard for eight years, and he did not know whether they were living or dead. A brother of his was living in this country, but of him he did not know anything either. I had promised him a Christian burial. By the grace of God this promise was lived up to. The circumstances did not seem favorable. But unexpectedly there came some men and women whom I had never seen before, and they paid all expenses. A fine funeral procession and a nice coffin. All that I found out about the people was, that they were Germans. He had been working for them.

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Rev. 14:13.

A Letter Sent to Sweden and Its Answer

Minneapolis, Minn., April 29, 1916.

To Mrs. and Miss Seberg,

Sommarro, Køping, Sweden.

My Dear Unknown Friends: For more than a year it has been my great happiness as a Norwegian Lutheran missionary in the hospitals at this place to know your son and brother, Edwin. He early attracted my attention as being a seeking soul. He found it difficult to believe and trust in the mercy of God. The Word did not mean to him what others said that it meant to them. He wanted to believe, but seemed unable to do so. It was a long time before the light dawned on him. I bought for him

the catechism which he had been taught as a child, and asked him to read it; and if he found in it anything which he could not understand, he should make a note of it, and I would try to help him. It went well with his reading, and even better with his understanding of what he read. For which let us thank God. Often he said to me: "Do sit down for a time." And I always tried to do what he asked.

Then the end began to draw near. But as the outward man was destroyed the inner man grew day by day. He became more and more strong in faith and hope. He longed after the Lord's Supper, and he received it with faith and joy a week before his death.

God arranged it wonderfully, so that I was with Edwin the evening before he died; and to me it was an evening to be long remembered. Though neither of us thought that the end was so near we made all arrangements as if it were our last meeting on this earth. I was to write to his mother in Sweden. What should I say? "Tell mother that I had wished to see her once more here on earth. But now we will meet in heaven. There my sainted father is already. Tell mother that her prayers have helped me. Tell her that I died content and happy." And then he said to me something which I hardly dare repeat: "Next to my mother you are my best friend in the world." He, who had received much help in the anguish of his soul, loved much. We parted from each other happy in the Lord for the great victory we had won. In the morning they notified me by telephone: "Seberg died this morning."

He had some time ago selected me as his pastor. I promised to be with him on his last journey. In the undertaker's chapel I spoke on the text: "I have fought the good fight" (2 Tim. 5:7). A goodly audience heard me with tears of joy, as I pictured this young man's struggle to find salvation, and the final victory. Now our dear Swedish friend and brother rests in the city's oldest cemetery until the resurrection morn, while his soul is at home with God. God be praised for every soul that comes safely home. Do you, then, rejoice in the midst of your sorrow, dear friends, Mother and Sister, and strive to be prepared to meet your sainted son and brother whenever the Lord calls you.

Yours in the Lord,

A. L. Dahl.

I received this beautiful answer from the mother and sister in Sweden:

Køping, June 7, 1916.

Rev. A. L. Dahl:

Allow us to express to you, Pastor, our deep-felt gratitude for your great kindness to our beloved Edwin, and for your sympathy with us. How good it was for Edwin to have you with him during his last hours; and how good for us, now left behind in sorrow, to learn through you that our Edwin died peacefully and is gone home to be near his Father in heaven. Oh, we hope some time to meet him up there.

It has been a heavy affliction ,that we could not visit him in his illness; but I have left him in God's care, with daily prayer for him, and I thank God for answering my prayers. I see His providence in this, that you, dear Pastor, came to visit him and became his best friend. May God richly reward you for all your help and loving care for my beloved son.

Your deeply grateful,

Lovisa Seberg.
By Maria Seberg.

II Cor. 5:1: For we know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Christmas, 1916, in the Hospitals of Minneapolis

YOU dear friends of our hospital mission may like to hear something from us as to what was done with your presents, and whether they gave pleasure to any of our patients. I have not found time to write of it before now.

Yes, your presents caused rejoicing and brought a smile to the faces of hundreds of sick people, even though it was for but a little while. But these little

(See card on next four pages.)

Here is the Angel's Message from the God of Love about the greatest, most precious and most needful of all boons—the everlasting Christmas Gift for all people and to all people

The Angel's Message to Mary

And the angel came in unto her (Mary) and said: Hail, thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among the women.

And the angel said unto her: Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favor with God.

And behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb a Son, and shalt call His name

Jesus

for He shall save His people from their sins.

LUKE 1: 28, 30, 31; MATT. 1: 21.

Take the Name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe.—
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it, then, where'er you go.
: Precious Name, oh, how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n. :

The Angel's Message

And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them: Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of

Great Joy

which shall be to all people, for unto you is born this day in the City of David a Savior, which is

Christ the Lord

Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

LUKE 2: 9, 10, 11, 14.

Holy Night

Holy night! peaceful night!
Through the darkness beams a light,
Yonder, where they sweet vigils keep
O'er the Babe who, in silent sleep,
: Rests in heavenly peace. :

Silent night! holiest night!
Darkness flies, and all is light!
Shepherds hear the angels sing:
"Hallelujah! hail the King!
: Jesus the Savior is here!" :

Silent night! holiest night!
Guiding Star, O lend thy light!
See the eastern wise-men bring
Gifts and homage to our King!
: Jesus the Savior is here! :

Silent night! holiest night!
Wondrous Star, O lend thy light!
With the angels let us sing
Hallelujah to our King!
: Jesus our Savior is here! :

Your friends,
Rev. A. L. Dahl
Rev. J. A. Berch

pleasures also are good. Here we must try to gladden both soul and body, for they are friends. And they like to be glad together, even as they must bear sorrow and suffering together. This year, too, we had printed little Christmas cards with a part of the gospel story for the day and some verses of Luther's beautiful Christmas hymn: "From heaven above to earth I come." (No. 181 in our Lutheran Hymnary.) We had them in Norwegian and in English. We placed these cards in envelopes and addressed them to all the patients. In the same envelopes we put from one to five brand new silver dimes, fresh and bright from the mint and now out on their first expedition. I suppose that never before has a dime, or five of them, been able to create so many smiles. I began the holiday season at Glen Lake Hospital for consumptives on Saturday before Christmas eve. All the members of the family, from the superintendent to the scullery maid and the most sick patient, received one of the envelopes. Then I preached a short sermon on the greatest of all gifts, Jesus, the Son of God. Sunday, the day before Christmas, I was at Hopewell. Here the family has nearly 200 members. All were remembered in the same way. First the attendants and servants, with the exception of the night nurses, gathered in the dining room. I spoke to them about the sinners' Friend, who went about and did good to all, and I admonished them to seek strength in Him Who gave His life to save us all. And they should walk in His steps, and they need fear no infection or other danger; they were serving a good Master. I am sure that it did them good. I went in the same way through all the seven large wards. A short talk about the most high Guest

and the eternal bliss reserved for all who accept Him. And then I was tired but very happy. Christmas day I spent at the City Hospital. I had been there on the preceding Friday and had then begun the work and exhausted my strength. Now I continued it, but could not reach all. To all whom I reached I gave the card and a coin, and in each ward I preached a short sermon. In this way I made use of 1,000 dimes. Rev. J. A. Bergh cheered the sick in the hospitals with presents, books and Christmas cards and some money. At the Christmas tree festival in Thomas Hospital he was able to give a little present to all, and to some in the other hospitals. None who has not seen it can realize how such a little present may gladden the patients and make them more attentive to the word. When we had pictured the great Christmas joy and explained that God wants us to rejoice in Him, and we then added: Now let us all smile and be happy, if even for but a moment—you should have seen how they all obeyed the order. Do you, also, smile, dear friend, who by your present, good wishes and prayers were with us in helping to make many happy?

The Unpardonable Sin

ONE day at a tuberculosis hospital I witnessed a remarkable outburst of joy not only in words but also in gestures and movements of the body. The patient was a Norwegian of about twenty-five, a God-fearing man. In our conversation about death, judgment and eternity, about being lost or saved, he expressed great courage and strong hope of salvation. Then he added: "In the Bible, which I have read through thrice, I have found something about a sin which cannot be forgiven either on earth or in heaven. What kind of a sin is that?"

Here is my answer: "You refer to the sin against the Holy Ghost. By the grace of God I shall try to explain what this means. All sin is sin against the Holy Ghost, as well as against the Father and the Son. But there is a particular sin against the work of the Holy Ghost. A heathen cannot commit that sin, nor a child. Only a converted Christian can commit it, one who has tasted the blessing of being born again, one who has experienced 'the peace that passeth all understanding.' David, the great king of Israel, and Peter, one of the greatest disciples of Christ, fell in sin; but they did not commit this sin, and therefore, through repentance and faith they were restored as God's children. But when a person who has had those blessed experiences falls into sin, and not only that, but even calls those experiences the work of the devil, then such a person commits the sin that cannot be forgiven, because the Holy Ghost, who alone can bring a sinner to repentance and make him ask for the for-

giveness of sins, has left him. Such a person will never feel sorry for his sins, because there is no one to create sorrow in his heart."

Immediately the young man broke out in loud shouts of joy, now folding his hands, now stretching them up towards heaven and waving them in a veritable ecstasy of bliss. "Glory be to God," he jubilantly shouted, "that sin I have never committed!" In all my experience I have never witnessed anything like this.

There are many of you who worry night and day, supposing that you have committed this sin. Now, may God help you not to commit this sin; and if you are tortured by the fear that you have done so, may the Holy Ghost make you see and understand that you have been spared from such a calamity. One of the surest signs that you have not committed this sin is, that you are afraid of having done so.

Now our young brother has fought the good fight, finished the course and kept the faith. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Rev. 14: 13.

The Hospitals

YES, they are many. Altogether, counting big and small, 45 of them in these Twin Cities. In order that you who read this little book may have a picture of what they are and what they accomplish, I will describe briefly most of the larger ones in Minneapolis.

A hospital is a grand but at the same time a sad sight. When we stand of an evening at a distance outside of one of these large hospitals, and the lights have been turned on and the window shades not yet drawn down, it presents a majestic spectacle. It really is grand; all these many lights from the windows and the large building of many stories.

But it becomes a sad sight when the mind stops to dwell on what is doing in this large, illuminated building; all the suffering and the many kinds of ailments to be conquered; the dread to be fought off; the many and long sleepless nights; the many anxious questions: "How are you today?" And then we remember not only the many who, thank God, are sent home as cured, but also the many who here have fought or will fight their last hard battle. How good it will be when we who believe shall take possession of the new heaven and the new earth, in which hospitals are unknown, because there shall be no more sin and therefore no more sickness.

Among the patients I have often called the hospital a school or college, and they have thought the name most fitting. For it truly is a school of its special kind, for the sick and for us who visit them.

It is a school of bitter experiences, and of God's mercy, also a school through which many have learned the way of salvation. Oh, that it might be such a school for all.

The City Hospital

This is the largest hospital in Minneapolis, situated near the center of the city and covering a whole block. It is owned and managed by the city. When the projected addition is completed this hospital will have 600 beds. During some seasons of the year all the beds are taken, and there is need of more. The hospital has 140 nurses, 18 resident and 65 other physicians. The number of patients cared for in and outside of the hospital last year was 35,000. The expense of running this hospital is about $20,000 a month. This includes also Hopewell and Lymanhurst hospitals.

Here are received the poor, the strangers, the friendless and homeless, all alike, without distinction of nationality or color. And there are many of them. Nearly all those injured in the frequent accidents, a daily occurrence in the big city, are brought to this institution. Here they receive warm rooms, clean beds, good food, care and medical attendance, and all without charge. Of course those who are able to must pay some, or payment may be made by the state or county to which they belong. It is a noble charity. But this hospital does not minister to the spiritual needs of the patients. So there is much work to be done by them that bring the glad tidings. Once I spent three days here in diligent work; and yet I could not reach all the patients.

CITY HOSPITAL

Hopewell

Hopewell Hospital is the Tuberculosis Department of the City Hospital, where all those suffering from Tuberculosis who cannot afford to pay are taken care of. This hospital is situated in Camden Place on Forty-ninth Ave. N. and Lyndale. The ground was donated to the city by the late Mr. William Hood Dunwoody in 1907. A frame cottage building with a capacity for twenty patients was opened January, 1908. In the years 1911-12, the main building was erected, and opened April, 1912, with a capacity of one hundred and thirty-five beds. The grounds are beautifully kept and the patients' rooms are so arranged that the patients may see the flower gardens and enjoy the beautiful lawns. You find in these wards patients of all types of life, and considering how very sick many of them are, there is a spirit of hopefulness. The patients are instructed about the danger of infection, also the danger of developing the disease through neglect or dissipation. They especially enjoy any change from the daily routine of hospital life; and entertainments, parties and religious services are always well attended. A great many cannot attend these different gatherings, and to those especially is the visitor a welcome guest. Here is where the minister feels that he can do the most good. Words of hope and comfort are a great blessing. Many are the expressions of gratitude that there is a place where those who are sick with this lingering disease can be taken care of and enjoy many religious privileges. May we be able to teach them to live day by day as God would have them live, and then the reward will be given according to our work and faithfulness.

Hopewell Hospital.

HOPEWELL HOSPITAL

St. Barnabas Hospital

This hospital was founded by Bishop Knickerbocker and is said to be the oldest in the city. It had its beginning in a private house in North Minneapolis, but now it is a fine, large hospital near the center of the city. It has 185 beds.

The name St. Barnabas means the "Man of Consolation."

The hospital is self-sustaining, and is managed by a corporation, a majority of whose trustees must be members of the Episcopal church.

Here, also, many a troubled soul has found help. Many of our Scandinavian compatriots have been treated here and have gone gratefully away to their earthly or to their heavenly home.

All physicians in good standing may bring their patients to this institution.

The hospital cares without charge for children from the juvenile court, Wells Memorial, Washburn Home, Stevens Home and the Visiting Nurses' Camp. It has 16 graduated nurses and 70 more in training; and it has in the course of the year cared for 4,242 patients, at an expense of $12,000 (?).

ST. BARNABAS HOSPITAL

The Swedish Hospital

This institution does not belong to any church body, but to a corporation of Swedish people. It is to be managed by a board of 12 trustees, of whom a majority must be members of a Swedish Evangelical church, but not more than five of them belonging to the same church body. This hospital has had a great growth and has all the time been adding to the buildings. It has 175 beds, and there are times when it needs more. Many of our people have been cared for in this place. It has 80 nurses, all of them busy. From this home, also, we have seen many go to their home above, happy and grateful to God and men. Last year the hospital had 3,933 patients. There are five free beds, which entirely penniless patients may occupy for 2 to 4 weeks. Of what the hospital earns, 10 per cent is devoted to charity. The property has cost $350,000.

THE SWEDISH HOSPITAL

The Deaconess Hospital

Among the Norwegians in Minneapolis this hospital is the oldest and best known. The plans for it were accepted in the fall of 1888 by Rev. M. F. Gjertsen and his co-workers. It was opened that same year with one deaconess, Sister Elizabeth Fedde, and one novice. It did not belong to any church body, but was founded and managed by people of the so-called "Norwegian-Danish Conference." Now it is in the hands of The Free Church. A host of people of many nationalities have here been cared for, bodily and spiritually. And as is the case with all the other hospitals, excepting those for consumptives, most of the patients are sent home cured. This hospital now has 90 beds. It has cost $120,000, but is estimated to be worth $134,000.

The Deaconess Hospital has done a great work.

THE DEACONESS HOSPITAL

Thomas Hospital

To the people of the former United Norwegian Lutheran Church this is the best known hospital. It is for consumptives, and this is its history:

A wealthy American, George H. Christian, had a son who died of tuberculosis. And seeing how this son suffered, and how important it is to have special hospitals for such as he, the father decided to build one as a memorial to his son and to his pastor, Bishop Thomas. Then he turned it over to the hospital corporation of the United Norwegian Lutheran Church. A majority of the trustees must belong to this church, and this provision was regarded by Mr. Christian as safeguarding the future of the institution. The hospital is valued at $60,000.

It has no endowment fund; but is supported by private charity, through Ladies' Aid Societies and by personal contributions; or by money coming from the town or the congregation to which the patient without means of his own may belong. In all these hospitals the lowest rate is $10 a week. To the Thomas, as well as to the others, any patient may come, without distinction of language or color. Many patients have seemingly improved and been discharged, some of them to die at home. But most of the incurable ones die in the hospital. And we thank God for that many of these have happily gone to their eternal Sabbath rest. We dare believe this, so far as we can judge.

Remember Thomas Hospital with your gifts and in your prayers.

THOMAS HOSPITAL

Fairview Hospital

This is the name of the latest hospital built in Minneapolis. The name gives no suggestion that the hospital is Norse, nor of any other one nationality. The natural surroundings, on a commanding site overlooking the Mississippi River, have suggested the name "Fairview."

There is some misconception among our people in regard to the ownership of this hospital. Some think that it belongs to the United Church, and under that impression many have sent their money contributions. Now, it is not owned or managed by the United Church, but by a corporation of prominent men and women in the Lutheran church, a majority of whom must belong to the United Church. So it is under the control of our people. It has no capital stock, but a heavy debt. However, if the demand for room in it continues, and some good men or women of substance would do something worth while for it, the debt might soon be paid. And then could be built the new wing, which is very much needed. The white picture shows the unfinished wing.

Nobody is earning money by this hospital. Every penny of profit is used for improvements or to assist poor patients. The members of the management receive no salary; they pay out of their own pockets the expenses of holding their meetings. And when necessary their names head the subscription lists.

FAIRVIEW HOSPITAL

It takes much of their time and strength to look after all this, and their only pay is the conciousness that they are doing a good work.

Many have had reason to thank God and their fellowmen for this home. The money which it has cost has been well spent.

Fairview Hospital has cost $150,000. The estimated cost of the institution fully completed according to the plans is $230,000.

St. Mary's Hospital

This belongs to the Catholics, and is one of the oldest in the city, located on the banks of the Mississippi near Thomas and Fairview. These three are near neighbors, with Thomas between the other two.

St. Mary's is now too small and does not measure up in appearance with the more modern hospitals. But the Catholics will not lag behind the Protestants in this work. So they are erecting a new building at the side of the old one. This new building is to cost more than half a million dollars and will probably be the finest hospital in the city. It is to have more than 200 rooms and a still greater number of beds.

Lymanhurst Hospital

This is a hospital for sick children and a temporary home for foundlings. Here one may see many varieties of infants and of the diseases of children; and sometimes one may here find children for adoption.

This hospital was the private home of a good man named Lyman. He migrated to California, and gave his home to the city for a children's hospital. Here these poor little ones, many of whom have never known their father or mother, find a good home and loving care. For this institution, also, we should thank God.

Asbury Hospital

This building is near the Swedish Hospital, over on the other side of a beautiful park. Connected with it is a Deaconess Home. The hospital was founded in 1888. It was incorporated in 1892 and had its first home in the building on Sixth street, known now as the Lutheran Hospice. The cornerstone of the present hospital building was laid in 1892. Ten years ago the first half of the building was put up; and in 1915-16 the other half was completed. This hospital has 346 beds. The maternity ward has accommodations for 74 women, and there are beds for 44 children. The hospital has cost $350,000; and the Deaconess Home, $150,000. The property is owned and managed by American Methodists. It is a splendid institution, which receives patients of all nationalities; and not a few of our people have here found a home and loving care in their illness and affliction.

ASBURY HOSPITAL

Eitel Hospital

This is a private hospital, owned and operated by Dr. Eitel and his wife, who is a Norwegian lady. It is beautifully situated, near Loring Park, and has the best of everything in the line of modern equipment, especially in its X-ray department. It has 115 beds and treats about 2,500 patients in the course of the year. It has 60 nurses and novices. The cost has been about $200,000.

The Eitel Hospital has been a blessing to many people of different classes and tongues.

EITEL HOSPITAL

Biornstad Clinic and Sanatorium

This hospital is owned and conducted by Dr. G. Biornstad, and it is greatly different from the other hospitals in Minneapolis. It is beautifully situated on the corner of Nicollet Ave. and Twenty-Fourth St. Dr. Biornstad's specialty is long continued, chronic diseases of all kinds, but he treats preferably stomach troubles, nerve diseases and rheumatism. The methods of treatment employed at this sanatorium are baths of different kinds, steam baths, electric light baths, medicine baths, etc., scientific massage, and medical gymnastics and Swedish movements, x-ray treatments, serum treatments, baking treatments, diet and rest-cure. Medicines and operations are also employed when they are indicated and necessary. Many have here got help, relief and cure for their ailments.

DR. BIORNSTAD'S CLINIC AND SANATORIUM

University Hospital

This is owned and operated by the state of Minnesota, one of the wealthiest of all the states. The hospital is connected with the state university and supervised by the faculty and students. There are no charges. But the patient must submit to an examination in the presence of student classes, and then must sometimes be treated or experimented on by the students; and then every student puts down in writing his observations on the case, and submits these to the professor whose business it is to explain and amplify. It is good and necessary practice for such as are to enter the medical profession with its heavy responsibilities. All kinds of curable and incurable cases are treated. I have seen many of them, and some of them were calculated to shake a man to his foundations.

Here is also what is called the dispensary, in a big building belonging to the university. Among the professors are specialists in every disease. I once went with a sick man to this dispensary, and it was an interesting experience even to a layman. Here are a group of students, and here the patient is given medicine or else an order of admission to the hospital. None are sent to the hospital if they can be cured without it. For the registration, etc., there is made a merely nominal charge of 25 cents.

Note that this institution is for citizens of Minnesota and for no others. To be entitled to its benefits one must have been for at least six months a resident of the state. And the hospital is all the time more than full.

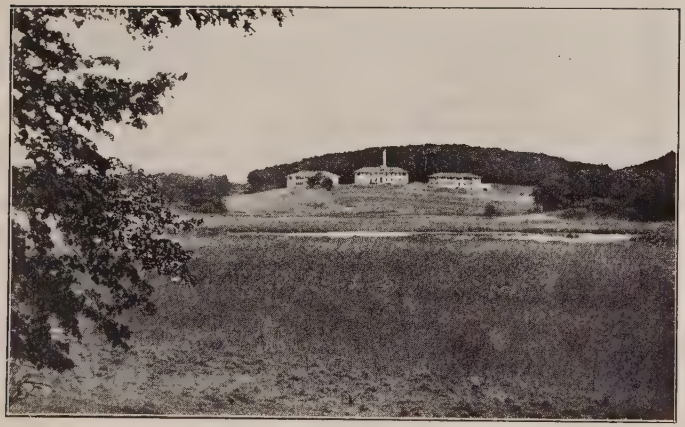
UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL

Glen Lake Sanitarium

This is located some 14 miles out in the country, belongs to the city and county, and is designed exclusively for consumptives. It is but a year old at this writing, and is too small. It has a most beautiful site; and if fine surroundings could cure consumption this place would do it. A new building was added last year.

In most of these hospitals we missionaries receive a hearty welcome from patients and attendants, from the doctors, superintendents and nurses. These regard us as their assistants in the care of the sick. This is a great encouragement and strengthens us for the work; for which, also, we thank God.

For myself I have been made welcome and am well acquainted in all these hospitals; and in all of them I have met numbers of our countrymen.



GLEN LAKE SANITARIUM

St. Paul Hospitals

OF THESE hospitals we might say about the same as of those in Minneapolis, their number and their excellence; but it would be unnecessary repetition. But we must mention especially a few of them, those of our own church, the Lutheran.

St. Paul Hospital

Such is now the name of the Norwegian Hospital in St. Paul, until 1914 known as Luther Hospital. In 1901 a Norwegian hospital association was formed in St. Paul, comprising ministers and laymen, prominent members of the Norwegian Synod. The work was for 12 years carried on at Tenth and John streets, where the association had received as a gift 7 brick houses with the ground on which they stood, all worth about $40,000. This gift came from Charles Gilfillan. The need was so great that these buildings soon were found inadequate. Then the association traded them for a piece of property on University avenue and Robert street, near the state capitol, with a fine view to the south and over the Mississippi.

The property of the association is now valued at $165,000. The hospital has 75 beds only, but has often been obliged to find accommodations for as many as 80 patients. The souls as well as the bodies are here cared for. Norwegian is spoken, and there are Norwegian doctors and nurses. It is a good hospital.

ST. PAUL HOSPITAL

Bethesda Hospital

This is owned and managed by the Swedish Augustana Synod and has its own pastor and deaconesses and is in every way a religious institution, in which the souls are as carefully tended to as are the bodies. Many of our people have been treated in this hospital and have received bodily and spiritual help.

St. John's Hospital

This is a hospital owned and operated by German Lutherans. Then we have:

St. Luke's Hospital, conducted by Episcopalians.

St. Joseph's Hospital, a large and fine Catholic institution.

The City and County Hospital, immensely large.

And there are many smaller ones.

Rev. J. A. Bergh is now serving four of the hospitals in Minneapolis, besides doing as much as his time permits in St. Paul. And he, too, finds countrymen of ours everywhere.

BETHESDA HOSPITAL

Who is the Best Doctor?

THIS is a question often put to me—naturally enough. We want, of course, the best of everything. And there is a difference between doctors, too! But who shall decide the question? The several doctors may excel, each in his own special line. No doubt all of them try to do the very best they can for their patients. So I can give no definite answer to the question. But remember: In this matter as in all others, Jesus is the best counsellor. Ask Him to guide you to the doctor who can do something for you. The Lord will not lead you wrong.

Which of These Many Hospitals Is the Best for My Case?

THIS, also, is a question often asked; and having for a long time been in this work, visiting the sick, seeing the doctors discharging their duties, seeing the nurses, the surgical instruments, the conveniences, the food, etc., I should be able to speak with some confidence on this subject. My answer may not fully satisfy you, but it would be this: Much depends on your doctor. He generally has his favorite hospital; but if the patient prefers another, the doctor will not refuse. Our hospitals are all good, with modern equipment, and they are doing a great work. That some may in certain respects be better than others, goes without saying. And it is true here, as everywhere in the world, that the one

who is able to pay most can obtain the best attention. He can get a private room and his own special nurse, who will be with him all the time. So much in reference to the care for the body.

In regard to spiritual care, this is, as already intimated, outside the province of some of these hospitals. Such, however, is not the case with The Norwegian Deaconess Hospital. And Thomas Hospital and Fairview will, without a doubt, have their deaconesses, or sisters, who have been trained in the care of souls and can help the patients spiritually as well as care for their bodies. And such are a great help to the missionary.

And in these our own hospitals the patients of our nationality have a chance to talk with the doctors and nurses in their own tongue; which is a great blessing and convenience to those not yet familiar with the English language.

So it is readily seen that our own Norwegian Lutheran hospitals should be the best for Norwegian Lutheran church people. This is the reason why we have built such hospitals.

Some Words from Rev. J. A. Bergh

REV. MR. DAHL has asked me to write a few words for his book. I hope that it may have the wide circulation which it deserves. The book gives us a good bird's-eye view of the long neglected but important and blessed work among the patients in our hospitals.

As some of you will know, I took hold of this work in the spring of the year 1916 and find it congenial. It is true, to be sure, that in this work, as in other fields, we must sow with tears; but then, as this book shows, we have many happy experiences. Mine agree with those of Rev. Mr. Dahl; and I am very glad that I have been permitted to bring to my afflicted fellowmen a message from God, which the Spirit has blest, to the benefit of their souls. The consciousness that there are now at home with God some souls whom we were enabled to help in the fight, strengthens us when we otherwise might grow faint. It is this blessed hope that sustains the work.

The spiritual care of the sick is our principal concern; but at the same time we are glad to be able to give the poor among them some material help; and we are deeply grateful to the charitable friends who make this possible. God reward you all.

That there might be good Christian order in the work we came to a definite agreement, with the consent of the advisory committee, as to just what each of us should do; so that I now regularly visit four Minneapolis hospitals (Thomas, Fairview*, the Swedish and the University Hospital) and do what

* Rev. T. H. Dahl, D. D., president of the former United Norwegian Lutheran Church, now serves as rector of Fairview and Thomas Hospitals.

I can in St. Paul, while Dahl regularly visits the other hospitals in Minneapolis.

Until a better arrangement can be made we have now also taken up the work among the inmates of the state sanatorium near Walker, Minnesota. This is now taken care of by Rev. L. J. Jerdee. The catalog for last year shows that of the 186 foreign-born patients in the institution 107 were Scandinavians (53 of them Norwegians), and of the 583 native born 252 were of Scandinavian parentage. Besides, there were 104 cases in which one of the parents was of foreign birth, and 40 of foreign mixed breed, e. g., a Norse father and a Swedish mother. Altogether we may count that the institution last year had 431 Scandinavian patients. We visit them once each month.

And now we commend the hospital mission to the Lord and to such as have bowels of mercy. We who labor in this work feel acutely sensible that we can do nothing without God's blessing, and that we always need the prayers and the kind support of our Christian friends.

J. A. BERGH.

Addenda

Of the many helpful and encouraging letters received, we publish a few more as samples:

Home of Mads Larsen,
West Branch, Cedar County, Iowa,
New Year's Morning, 1917.

Dear Rev. A. L. Dahl:

A life such as yours, devoted to helping the sick and suffering, seems to me to demand of us outsiders that we give you and your work what help we can.

I am not rich in worldly goods, but with the assistance of some good friends I am able to send you the modest contribution herewith enclosed.

Wishing you even more happiness in your work during the year just begun, and that many may remember the sick and afflicted with substantial help, I remain,

Cordially yours,

Mads Larsen.

Elk Mound, Wis., Oct. 8, 1917.

Dear Pastor Dahl:

I think your book is a blessing to those who got copies of it. It is a gem of a book, interesting and touching. A kind greeting to you. May God's blessing follow you in your great work.

Yours for the cause,

Ole A. Honaas.

Bremen, N. D., March 22, 1917.

Rev. A. L. Dahl:

I have read what you have written in our church paper, and it has touched me to tears. I have myself lived in Minneapolis and tried something of that which you describe. Not exactly in my own person, but I had a dear sister who died in one of the hospitals. We were recent arrivals in this country and felt ourselves lonesome and

friendless. And I can not forget those heavy hours—often late at night, when I walked between the place where I worked and the room of my dying sister in the hospital. So my heart burns within me when I read of these things; and I wish that I could lend a helping hand to all who suffer. God grant you grace and strength to comfort the afflicted with the word of God, which they need most of all, and also to help them in their bodily distress. I send you herewith a small draft. Please use the money in your discretion, with a loving message from me to those whom you help. God bless you and us all.

Yours,
Mrs. Maria Ballingberg.

Mount Horeb, Wis., Aug. 6, 1917.

Dear Pastor Dahl:

Some time ago I received the five books that you sent me, and now they are all sold. I think it is a splendid little book. It tells of distress, sorrow, penitence, peace, joy—and of your own interest in the salvation of souls. By reading this book I became ardently interested in this mission, and I have made up my mind to remember it with a little money. I think the book will act this way on all those who read it. It has a great mission problem. May the book be distributed far and wide throughout our country! I shall sell some more copies of the book later on.

Yours truly,
Taaraand Vik.

Fauskanger, Norway, Nov. 21, 1917.

Rev. A. L. Dahl:

By these lines I wish to bring you my most heartfelt thanks for your kind letter and for the enclosed papers with regard to the death of my son Lars, and for the trouble which it caused you. Yes, a thousand thanks for all your kindness to my son while he was on his deathbed far away from his family, and thanks for your consoling letters to me. They have been of great comfort and joy to all of us at home.

The kindest greetings from my children and me.

Johanne Olsdatter.

Colfax, N. D., March 5, 1918.

Dear Pastor Dahl:

It was a joy to do you a little favor. It was easy to sell the books. Old Mr. Hoel from Abercrombie took five copies. We like the book very much, only it is too short.

Kind greetings.

MR. AND MRS. ERSTAD.

Beresford, S. D., 1918.

Dear Rev. Dahl:

I herewith send you five dollars, also two dollars given me by friends who have received copies of your book for the hospital mission. I realize this is only a very small sum at this time, when money is worth so little. But on account of limited means I am unable to give large gifts. **I enclose a letter which I received some time ago and which will prove to you that your efforts to reach the unacquainted through your little book have not been in vain.**

With regards to you, I remain,

Yours truly,

ANNA WALLEM.

Hurley, S. D., January 1, 1918.

Miss Anna Wallem.

Dear Miss Wallem: Many thanks for the book "Hospitalmissionen," which you sent us. You cannot realize how it has gladdened my heart to read this little book. I got so interested in the "Hospitalmission" through the reading that I went the next day to our dear minister, Rev. Broadland, and gave $10 to hospitalmissionen and $10 to the foreign and inner missions. May this little gift help to win some for God.

M. A. KRELHAUG.

Dear Rev. Dahl:

Enclosed you will find a draft for $6.50, to pay for the 13 books called "Hospitalmissionen," which you asked me to sell for you. Would you send me 31 more copies as soon as possible?

I have read a little of your book for three of my ladies' aid societies. At the first one I sold all the copies you sent me. At the two others I got orders for the above number. Maybe I shall send for some more.

Your book surely made a good impression on many of them. The sympathetic spirit in which it is written must touch the reader's heart and enthuse him for the work you are doing at our hospitals.

With my sincere wishes that God may richly bless you in your noble work and allow you to see much fruit from your labor, I remain, with kind greetings,

K. Xavier.

Pastor of five churches at Bradish, Nebr.

Immanuel Parsonage, Bradish, Nebr., July 24, 1918.

Dear Rev. A. L. Dahl:

I have today read from your book for my fourth ladies' aid society and recommended it. As a result I got 16 new orders for your book.

It is good that the book will be published in English also. Not a few have asked me if it can be had in English, and I have answered yes. Please send it as soon as possible when ready.

It is a noble work you are doing, a work that also belongs on the minister's program. I can assure you that it gives me great and unalloyed joy to be with you in this way to support the work you and Rev. Bergh and Rev. T. H. Dahl are doing among the sick and suffering at the hospitals.

May God's rich grace and blessings follow you furthermore in your work!

With heartfelt greetings to you, I remain,

K. Xavier.

Beldenville, Wis., July 2, 1918.

Rev. A. L. Dahl:

Thanks for the blessed book "Hospitalmissionen," which you have sent out. I had hardly any trouble in selling it. And now I send you the money for it, $12.50. Hearty greetings from

THOR HOSEID.

Hudson, S. D., July 17, 1918.

"I send you herewith $20 for the book: **"Hospital missionen."** People have been really good to buy the book, and some have given even one dollar for it . . . . Will also thank you so much for all the visits you made me at Thomas Hospital and for the many encouraging words you spoke to me. My thoughts are back to Minneapolis nearly every day. But I am also glad I am at home, because I feel that I am gradually going down.

I know of a sleep in Jesus' name,
A rest from all toil and sorrow;
Earth folds in her arms my weary frame
And shelters it till the morrow.
My soul is at home with God in heaven,
Her sorrows are past and over.

I know that when you pray for other sick people, you include me also.

Be greeted with Ps. 62: 1.

MRS. A. HUSEBY.

Death's Harvest Is Great

(From a recent report by Rev. A. L. Dahl in "Lutheraneren.")

LAST week I had no less than three funerals: people who had died of consumption. All three were young, a man from Finland and two girls from Norway. And, thank God, we dare hope that all died a blessed death. The Finlander had been here six years. He spent the year in the sanitarium for consumptives at Glen Lake, and there I often visited him. He liked to see me, and a man more patient in suffering it would be hard to find. He lay there with three free-thinkers for his nearest neighbors, one reading Ingersoll and the others with similar godless books. But in these surroundings he found grace to hold fast to the Lord and His Word and promises. Some days before his death he received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Then he said: "Oh, now I am so happy; my wish has been fulfilled." So he passed away in peace, though lying here in the midst of men who delighted in blasphemy.

One of the young women had been here less than a year. She was a large, fine looking girl who had worked among strangers since she was a child. Then she contracted consumption, after which she came to this country and tried to work, but lacked the strength. So she was taken to the hospital, but she kept getting worse. She wanted to go home to her brother, but soon she was obliged to come back to the hospital. Before long this buxom, bright girl died at peace with God, ready and willing to go to her heavenly home and true fatherland. Thanks be

to God, Who giveth us peace through our Lord Jesus Christ.

The other young woman had been here fifteen years. I must tell something more about her. She had sent all that she earned home to her poor father and her sisters. Then she was taken sick. She had two serious operations, one for appendicitis and one for cancer of the breast. One of her breasts was amputated. And then came consumption and poverty. (She left no other property than a little watch and one cent.) And worst but also best of all, she was in spiritual trouble. Thus I found her in Hopewell. She had only two girl friends who cared for her. She thought that massage treatment would do her good. I knew that she was beyond such help; but since she wished it I sent for one of these practitioners. But she gave it up after one treatment . . At the last she became strong in the faith and happy in the prospect of death. Oh, how the Word of God and the Lord's Supper seemed to strengthen her for the last journey.

I had to promise to see her decently buried, She did not want her body sent to the medical college. When after her death I went to the city authorities to have the body turned over to me for burial, some others had already been there for the same purpose, and had engaged an undertaker. I could not understand this. She had only two friends, she thought, and I had never seen them at her bedside. Were these the ones who wanted to bury her? No, it was two girls who had never seen her, but who had been told that a poor Norwegian girl had died at Hopewell, and that her body would be taken to the medical college, there being no money with which to pay the expenses of burial. They did not

know what I had promised her. These two Norwegian girls, God bless them, said: "We will go out and collect the necessary money." And they did it. They secured enough for a decent funeral and for a modest headstone. I was very glad to do my share. We all were glad. These two good Norwegian girls had called together about thirty women, Norwegians and Americans, to attend the funeral. There were no men present except the undertaker and myself. But best of all, God was with us and greatly blessed the Word for us. After the service I thanked all the dear friends who had helped with money and with their presence. It was so different from being, as I often had been, the only mourner with the exception of the undertaker. When we had finished at the grave one of the American women came to me and said: "Just let me know when you have a funeral, when you need help and sympathy, and I will see to it that you and the undertaker will not be alone."

A. L. DAHL.

James Thorstad

But thanks be to God, Who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. 1 Cor. 15:57.

JAMES THORSTAD was born in Urness, Douglas co., Minn., Oct. 23, 1886. He was the oldest son of Mr. Ole and Mrs. Kristine Thorstad. The family moved back to the old farm at Mt. Morris, Wis. Here James was confirmed by Rev. A. L. Dahl as the best in his class. The same year he entered Scandinavia Academy with a desire for more education, in order to be better fitted for the duty of life, as God might be pleased to use him. After a 4 years' course he graduated from said school and entered St. Olaf College. In the third year at college, when home on his Christmas vacation, he contracted a severe cold, which later developed into consumption and an early death.

Oh, if young people would be more careful about a cold there would not be so much consumption. James had to quit school before the school year was out. In the fall he went to Texas, where he remained until spring and improved somewhat, then came home, went back again in the fall to St. Olaf, and succeeded in graduating the following spring. He secured a position as teacher of languages at Albion Academy, Wis. Here his health broke down again. He lingered around at home and among his friends and relatives, but did not improve.

In the fall of 1917 he decided to enter a tuberculosis hospital, and came to Thomas Hospital, Minneapolis.

While corresponding with me and considering

what sanatorium he should enter, he wrote me the following letter, which deserves a place here—it may be the only thing ever to be published from his pen.

Wautoma, Wis., Nov. 27, 1917.

Dear Rev. Dahl:

I was glad to get such a favorable letter from you. I am planning on a sanatorium treatment. Hope that I may be able to enter before we have too much cold weather.

You advised me to consult the Doctor of Nazareth. And many are the times that you have given me that advice. When on earth He made all those who believed in Him, well in body and spirit. Those who seemed hopelessly sick and lost recovered when Christ blessed them.

I know that in Him alone is to be found restfulness for the spirit. That experience I have had. For years my ailment seemed to harden me. Circumstances went against me. Discontent overpowered me.

For a while the only times I had a chance to discuss my points of religious interest were when I met Rev. Bakken. Our Rev. Bakken is a splendid man and brings up the Bible and Christianity for conversation whenever he is at a gathering.

But lately, especially during the last year, I have had a chance to meet people whose main conversational desire seems to be to dwell on Biblical points that ought to be known by us all. Their intellect seems to be made up of ideas based on Christianity, and oh, how brilliant they do seem! The intelligence of such people is not merely human. It is lit by the Divine. These people have become my friends, and I know that they have been instrumental in my case. They have been lights unto my path. When in their presence I have been happy. Yes, joyful, which shows that where two or three are gathered in His name there is Christ also.

I could write, write, write to you, but I must not take up too much of your time. My faith is not strong. I wish it were. I am in need of sermons. I am in need of

Bible study. I am in need of Christian friends and their conversations. A Christian friendship seems to be the best of all. Such has been my experience. When I am with a Christian friend I feel happier and stronger, even physically.

Thanking you very much for your letter I am

Yours respectfully,

JAMES THORSTAD.

At Thomas we met again to review some of what we so often had gone through while preparing for confirmation.

At first he really seemed to improve, especially with regard to his throat trouble. He became hopeful of recovery and laid plans for the next winter, and we helped him the best we could, leaving it to God as to whether the plans should be carried out. He was going to Colorado. But above all we tried to turn our conversation upon that last journey which we all have to take, and should prepare for, whether we are sick or well. He was always willing to listen. He also had a great chance to see the many lying sick unto death, but unconcerned about their soul's salvation. This seemed to grieve him, and he often spoke about it.

But we must hasten to come to the most glorious time of his life, or else our article will be too long.

One morning when we entered the ward in which he lay he said: "I have come to the conclusion that I shall never be well again. And another conclusion: We must all die at any rate, and a few years sooner or later makes very little difference if we only are prepared. And still another victory I have won: I can forgive all who have offended me or wronged me. In the past I could not do that."

Now we could talk with him about death and eternity and about the hopelessness of his case, and all this caused no shock to him. His last Sunday at the hospital was a day never to be forgotten. Never had he so opened his heart to me as he did then. It was a day of confession, repentance and reconciliation with God. As only a penitent sinner moved by the Holy Ghost can do, he reviewed the sins of his childhood and youth, his negligence of the Word of God, and what good he should have done, but had failed to do.

There was joy in his old pastor's heart and also among the angels in heaven. "There is joy among the angels of God when a sinner repenteth." A craving hunger and desire as never before was created in his heart for the assurance of God's grace and forgiveness of his sins. Nothing but the blessed sacrament and the promises of God can satisfy such a hunger. And they did.

"Will you please write my father to come and take me home? I like to die among my people." I wrote, and they replied. Both father and mother came. There was sorrow and there was joy. But the best of all: There was a heart-stirring reconciliation between parents and child. A willing and heartfelt forgiveness of what had not been as it should have been between them was offered by heart, hands and tears. It was the desire of James that it should be done in this way. "You speak to us," he said, "and tell us what we should do." So we did.

Being thus prepared they received the Holy Communion, the last one for parents and child together. Oh, what a blessed day again at Thomas!

Glory be to God, Who so fatherly helps us to overcome all obstacles and hindrances that threaten to block our way to true joy here and eternal happiness beyond. Oh, if all, parents and children alike, could thus prepare for the last journey, those who are left behind would be spared from the fiery darts shot by the devil into so many a sinner's heart on account of departure without reconciliation, and in place of anguish would come that peace which "passeth all understanding."

"The visit of James to Thomas Hospital was not in vain," said his minister, Rev. G. K. Bakken. No, it was not in vain. Although he did not regain his bodily health, he gained something far greater: reconciliation with God and man.

The journey of James to his earthly home went well, but the journey to his heavenly home still better. He lingered only about a month after coming home. He was spared from falling into doubting of the Word of God, as so many of our youth are today. Never a doubt we heard form his lips, thanks be to God and His Holy Ghost. But he should not be spared from entering into the glory of God without tribulation. He was not a little troubled at not feeling assured of being saved. It seemed so long before this assurance was granted him. But it came, praised be God! God never disappoints an earnest, seeking soul.

The last night, when his friend Christian Ellickson watched with him, he had a little slumber. When he awoke he said: "Oh, I wish I could speak, I would tell what glorious things God has let me see." And again: "Now I see my way clear."

"Now I shall soon be glorified by my Jesus." Then he fell back on his pillow and—was no more.

Father, mother, sister, brothers of James, relatives and friends, all of you who read these lines, and myself too, may God grant that the example that James set us, in preparing to meet his God, may this help us even ever so little to be prepared, then will be fulfilled what he says in one of his letters: **"I believe that God intends me to be of some use in this world."** Yes, if his example is taken to heart, he has not lived in vain.

Let us prepare to meet our God! Then our death shall be like his:

A sleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep:
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

A sleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet:
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his venomed sting.

A sleep in Jesus, peaceful rest,
Whose wakening is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's power.

A sleep in Jesus! O for me,
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely may my ashes lie,
To wait the summons from on high.

In Conclusion

I MIGHT have told much more about incidents and experiences in the hospital work. But I must close. God has mercifully kept sickness and other trouble away from me; and I have been able to go diligently in and out among the sick and dying during this comparatively long and unexpected day of labor toward the close of my life. And I must say that it seems to me to be the greatest of all the work which God has given us to do. It seems a good crowning of our life's work. In the course of nature I must soon drop out of the ranks; but I hope and pray to the Great Physician of the souls, our Lord Jesus, that He will provide for the continuance of the work till hospitals are no more.

May God bless the reading of this little book, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

(Melody: Kirken den er et gammelt hus.)

"Blessed it is to serve the Lord,
Blessed for man and for woman!"
Hard to proclaim the legal Word,
Showing our guilt and transgression,
Bringing but grief and dread despair.
Lost and condemned, God doth declare.
O Lord, how long? Have mercy!

Blessed to speak the Word of cheer
Unto such grief-stricken sinners:
God will remove the cause of fear.
Oh, what a merciful message!
Jesus, God's Son, from Heaven came,
Nailed to the cross our sin and shame,
Only believe, and He saves you!

Blessed to bring Baptismal Grace
Unto the sin-sick and helpless;
This made the jailer thank and praise,

And every one of his household.
Baptism fills the soul with peace,
Holy Communion brings increase,
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee!

Join then in faith to serve the Lord,
Brief is the time and so fleeting;
Visit and comfort with His Word
Those that are suffering and needy;
Cheerfully serve your Lord above,
Give of your means, God's gifts of love,
You are no more than His steward.

May we at last and every one,
That we have shown some kindness,
Meet in that glorious Heavenly Home,
Jesus has gone to prepare us,
Where none are poor or sick, nor die,
Where none for help and comfort cry,
God give us grace there to gather!

A. L. Dahl.

Melody: Tak for al din fødsels glæde.

Fellow-workers in God's vineyard,
Thank you for your helping hand,
For your prayers and donations
To relieve the great demand.
What a privilege to go,
Sent by Jesus here below,
Serving God, the sick and dying,
Guiding souls for mercy crying.

Thank you, friends, for freely spreading
Books that tell of God's great love,
What a precious, hopeful sowing,
Bearing fruit for Heaven above!
Many will be richly blest
Now and when you've gone to rest.
Holy Ghost, forsake us never
Here on earth, and guide us ever!

A. L. Dahl.

The above hymns were translated from the Norwegian by Rev. C. K. Solberg.

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